

# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### EVIDENCES OF ECONOMIC REVIVAL

THE occupation that is strangling industry on the Rhine is stimulating what is described as a marvelous development in Central Germany. According to *Vossische Zeitung*, Central German lignite is filling the gap caused by the loss of Germany's coal districts. The number of miners in this region is four times as large as before the war, and chemical, iron, steel, and engineering plants have developed enormously. The industries of the Rhine and Westphalia are moving to Central Germany to escape the clutches of the French. Halle has been felicitously termed the Essen of Central Germany. The surrounding district alone includes 2087 factories employing 192,561 workmen.

Meanwhile all the world is watching with gratification Austria's remarkable recovery. Deprived of coal by the territorial readjustments of the war, she is turning to water power for a substitute. At the present time, according to the Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, more than three hundred hydroelectric installations are now under construction. Three of these, to be completed the present year, will supply power for the Arlberg Railway and save the State 400,000 tons of coal per annum. Other large stations

are intended to supply Vienna with light and power. The importation of food stuffs, except live stock, has been reduced nearly one half during the past three years. Important reforms in agricultural coöperation have been introduced — and, indeed, many of the hydroelectrical plants now under construction are financed by coöperative societies for rural lighting and driving farm machinery.

*Journal des Débats* is elated over French expansion in Central Europe.

France's economic conquest of Central Europe is to-day a concrete fact. Our last commercial treaties with Poland and Austria, for example, constitute its formal expression. Frenchmen control and operate the principal iron and steel works of Czechoslovakia. Frenchmen have a very large interest in the Polish coal mines. Frenchmen are building a new port of Budapest. Frenchmen are rehabilitating the foreign trade of Vienna. French industry is strengthening its hold upon this economic area every day.



### THE SITUATION IN SPAIN

A CONTRIBUTOR to *L'Europe Nouvelle* cites as a symptom of the political dry rot that afflicts Spain the fact that a steadily decreasing proportion of those eligible to vote cast their ballots at each successive election. In Madrid, for

instance, less than fifty per cent of the registered voters took the trouble to record their wishes in the last campaign, although the law adds a surcharge to the taxes of citizens who shirk this public duty. 'Corruption has never been so shameless, and most of the candidates elected had been practically assured of their seats by the Government beforehand. Where previous arrangement had not been made, the price of votes rose to an unprecedented figure—in some instances to 500 pesetas.'

Morocco was directly and indirectly the chief source of difficulty for the late Liberal Cabinet, as it was for its predecessor. The Ministry was pledged to a reduction of the army and the establishment of civil government instead of a military government in its insurgent possession. But the Moors refuse to be conciliated, and, as soon as troops began to be withdrawn, pressed their attacks upon the Spanish possessions with added vigor, thereby forcing a reversal of the Government's policy. Another question arising directly out of the Morocco situation is that of determining who was responsible for the disaster to the Spanish troops in that country. The army juntas are still powerful. The question of responsibility is not settled, and in spite of the angry demand of the people that someone be punished for a military blunder that caused the lives of so many of their brothers, fathers, and sons, there is no present promise that anything effective will be done.

According to the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times*,—

two camps have arisen which, for the intensity of the passions that animate them, may be likened to the French defeatists and the nationalists of the late war years: the *Impunitists* and the *Pro-responsabilidades*. To a certain degree the campaign on either side is artificial. How much of it is legiti-

mate sentiment, how much café-born agitation, and how much merely political intrigue it is difficult to say.

The Commission of Twenty-one, which is investigating the question, will be called upon to decide whether the officers in command of the Morocco expedition were primarily responsible for the defeat, or the Cabinet at Madrid, which failed to send the reinforcements asked for, or to provide adequate supplies for the campaign. It is charged that the new units sent to Morocco were without organization and training and were far below their reputed strength. The artillery had no mules, the machine-gun sections were not provided with their full equipment of arms, and the medical service 'was very deficient owing to shortage of field material.'

Therefore, the investigation assumes a political complexion. If the Cabinet was to blame, the Conservatives, who were then in power, will be hopelessly discredited. Consequently, the Republicans and Socialists are anxious to probe the mystery to the bottom, and intend, at all costs, to do so. The Conservative group, who see serious danger in this turn of affairs, are attacking furiously the Commission of Twenty-one. Consequently the question of responsibility threatens not only to wreck the reputations of certain ex-Ministers, but also to set in motion a revolutionary campaign that may bring disaster not only to individual politicians but to the whole régime. Opposition to the Morocco campaign, which expresses itself in the investigation, is strengthened by the fact that Spain is spending 31 per cent of her revenues upon her army and navy, or relatively more than any other important country in Europe.

Recently there has been a revival of terrorism at Barcelona, where law and

order seemed for a time to have been reëstablished. The restlessness of the workers is probably due ultimately to the business depression which still weighs heavily upon the country's industries. Spain is living on her war profits, but these are rapidly being exhausted. Workers assassinate their employers almost with impunity. Seldom are they detected. If they are discovered, arrested, and brought to trial, the jury invariably acquits them for fear of reprisals upon themselves.

However, according to a *Kölnische Zeitung* correspondent, —

it would be an error to imagine that Spain is on the eve of a revolution like that of Russia. This terrorism has no connection with Bolshevism. Economic and social conditions are radically different in the two countries. South of the Pyrenees the conservative spirit remains preponderant in spite of everything. Revolutionary syndicalism has no hold upon the masses. The situation resembles more, with due allowance for all differences, that of Italy before the Fascisti triumphed. Italy's example is very attractive to many Spaniards, but they have no Mussolini.

The *Times* correspondent thinks the present clamor artificial and predicts that it will 'probably subside with puzzling suddenness.' This opinion is shared by the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, who is unable to discover 'any profound national grievances and discontents,' and describes the people as 'healthier, happier, and better off than is generally understood.' Despite the political and syndicalist violence which has reappeared at Barcelona, and is now lifting its head at Valencia, Saragossa, and Madrid, economic conditions are favorable.

A few days ago the figures of the Spanish merchant marine were given, showing an aggregate tonnage, never before reached, of over a million, with another 100,000 tons building. It is

only when a great collective effort is required that failure is seen, as in the building and repair of the roads. But the steady advance of agriculture, the large gold reserve, and the closer relations between Spain and Spanish America should inspire confidence in Spain's future.

Notwithstanding its labor conflicts and lawless disorders, Barcelona is proceeding with an ambitious building programme. Among the new improvements announced is a group of thirty-four apartment houses, for which competitive plans were recently accepted by the City Council. The total cost will be about \$3,000,000, and the buildings will contain, besides shops, between seven and eight hundred modern apartments, with passenger and freight elevators, and all modern conveniences.



#### THE TURKS IN EUROPE

On the school maps and atlases, not so very long ago, a considerable portion of the Balkan Peninsula was labeled 'Turkey.' The new maps, drawn after the recent Lausanne Treaty, will still designate a corner of Europe as a Mohammedan domain, but though the the Turks have not been driven out, as threatened, they have regained but a comparatively small part of their European empire. What of the future? Will they consider these lands as 'irredenta'? There are to-day Mohammedans in each of the Balkan States.

On this point Ahmed Emin Bey, editor of the Constantinople *Vatan*, wrote in the issue for May 30: —

Our position in the Balkans has now been fixed. After having wasted for centuries its energies on military enterprises in Europe, the Turkish people has now returned to its own country and begun to settle down there for all time to come. The portion of our long retreat which refers to the Balkans

has progressed very slowly during a full century. Had not the Balkan wars hastened the liquidation process, it might have lasted some five or ten years longer, but in the long run it would have been impossible to forestall the same result. We could not forever muster strength to do police service in Albania, Macedonia, Yemen, and Hauran.

We emerged, to be sure, from the Balkan war with approximately the same frontiers as the present ones, but one cannot assert that the fate of Rumelia (the old European Turkey) was then settled. At that time we had no clear policy for the future. Our wishes and hopes were centred on an opportunity to recover the Rumelian territories. When our nationals in Western Thrace, for instance, wanted to emigrate, we told them, 'Don't come. We will rescue you where you are.' The Maritza was then not a frontier, but a front.

All that has now been changed. Within a short time the Turkish nation has experienced a thorough awakening. Under our present energetic and clear-sighted leaders we are able to determine exactly what we want, and in fixing our objectives we shall coolly balance the hardships we must endure against the joy and satisfaction we expect. We are no longer looking for territorial opportunities. We do not plan to extend our European domain. The Balkan States may henceforth knock each other on the head to their hearts' content, but it will never occur to us to participate in their squabbles or try to take their land. No, from the little corner of the peninsula which has remained in our hands, we shall henceforth be quiet spectators of what happens in the Balkans. Our sentiments will be those of a person who from his own window watches his neighbors quarrel, but who is unconcerned with the quarrel itself.

The future Turkish concern with the Balkans, Ahmed Emin Bey continues, will not be one of territories, but of populations. Whether the Turks in Greece, he writes, have to emigrate under the treaty arrangement for an exchange of populations or not, they will probably prefer to escape Greek

oppression. Likewise the Turks in the Usküb region are so badly treated that they are practically forced to leave. In Bosnia the Mohammedans are better organized and speak the Serbian language, but their cultural development will be so welcome in Anatolia that they too will find it advantageous to change residences. In Bulgaria the Turks have at least been enabled to live, but as the economic situation in Asia Minor improves, this Turkish editor thinks that the greater part of all his nationals will ultimately quit Europe for the new Turkey. To which the Christian Europeans will undoubtedly respond with a sincere 'Amen.'

The Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times* reports that the Turkish Macedonian Committee has prepared a bill to be submitted to the Angora Assembly providing that the Turks repatriated from Turkey's lost territories shall be assigned homes, so far as possible, where the climate is similar to that to which they are accustomed, that the property abandoned by the Greeks removed from Turkish territories shall be left where it is for the use of the newcomers, and that a credit of ten million Turkish pounds, or well toward fifty million dollars at par exchange, shall be granted for supplying the immigrants with live stock, agricultural machinery, and whatever else they need to establish themselves in their new homes.



#### POLAND'S PRESIDENT

The Warsaw correspondent of the *Morning Post* reports that the new president, M. Wojciechowski—pronounced Vo-je-hof-ski—has secured an extraordinary hold on the respect and love of the people. Though a man of humble origin who was once a printer in London, and who within a week was



removed from a modest little tenement of three or four rooms in an apartment house to the Belvedere Palace, he bears his new honors worthily.

The Presidency has dignified, indeed ennobled, this spare old man, with his silvery goatee, but it can be honestly said that by the aptness of his addresses to the people and by his general bearing he has also dignified the office which he is holding; and it will be strange indeed if, despite the limitations of the Constitution, he is not drawn steadily into a more dominating position in Polish political life.

From a life of daily contact with the most intimate domestic economies he was lifted into a sphere where not only servants waited for him and on him in platoons, but he found himself heir to a company of ladies and gentlemen anxious for his smile. He has apparently survived successfully both the onslaughts of the servants and the wiles of those of distinctly higher rank.

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#### SOME FAR EAST SCHOOL PROBLEMS

THE Japanese Government is exercised over the fact that physical examinations of Japanese school children at home and abroad show that the latter are decidedly stronger and sturdier than those who remain in their native country. The average height of school-boys in Japan is said to be from one to three inches less than that of Japanese boys of the same age in Honolulu or Seattle. The difference in the case of girls is even greater. Similar discrepancies in weight and chest measurement also exist. The head of the Bureau of Hygiene and Physical Training in the Japanese Department of Education says: 'I am convinced this difference is due to the difference in the manner of living. A similar result has been obtained in a comparative mental test. If the physical constitution of Japanese children in Honolulu and Seattle is better than that of Japanese children at home, I do not hesitate to

say that the superiority is due to the difference in climate, better housing, food, clothing, and better methods of education and sanitation.' This official thinks that Japanese pupils in primary schools are overtaxed, and, in many instances, underfed and overworked outside of school hours.

Meanwhile the Chinese are beginning to protest against the impractical character of the education given the young Chinamen studying in America at the expense of the Boxer indemnity. They are said to 'return to China with nothing more than a store of book learning and a superficial knowledge of American life to show for their long sojourn at government charge in the United States.' The few exceptions only emphasize the rule. China needs men who are willing to take off their coats and go to work — not aspirants for government jobs, as the returning students from America often are. Another criticism is that the students sent to the United States are in many cases appointed through official pull and not through merit.

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#### GRAIN FROM RUSSIA

RECENT reports from Russia are less optimistic concerning the present harvest — especially in the Northern Provinces — than earlier predictions. A special correspondent of the *London Observer* imagines that the country may possibly have three million tons of exportable grain. But such figures are mere conjectures. He argues that the policy of shipping grain abroad, even though it be 'a hunger surplus' such as was exported under the Tsars, is not altogether to be condemned.

However sinister the whole business may be, the fact remains that there is in Russia a certain amount of grain which the peasants would like to get rid of, and which they cannot sell. If this amount could be thrown into

the world market it would make a good return to the growers and to Russian agriculture in general, for the simple reason that it would raise the prices of grain in the home market and so give the peasants an incentive to intensive cultivation. Considered in this light the export of grain is likely, though in an indirect way, to prove more radically efficacious in relieving famine than the merely palliative methods of charity.

Such exports invariably raise prices. The fifteen million poods already exported have contributed to the recent rise of thirty-five per cent. However, in Russia, as elsewhere, grain prices lag behind the prices of manufactured goods. Russia's appearance as an immediate factor in the international grain market will be

a portent the significance of which is difficult to exaggerate. The effect of this reappearance on Germany and on Russia's neighbors in general will be immediate and direct; but its indirect consequences will be felt even as far off as America. From the European point of view, indeed, the revival of Russian agriculture is of the greatest importance; and this country could undoubtedly welcome it as a sign that a start has been made in the way of a real sanitation of Russian economics.

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#### MINOR NOTES

OUR more or less artificial concern over the threat of Bolshevism in America apparently does not evoke corresponding hope in the hearts of Bolshevism's more distinguished leaders. In a plea for the United States of Europe — naturally drafted along the lines of the present Federative Soviet Republic — Trotskii writes: —

America emerged from the war strengthened, not weakened. The inner soundness of the American bourgeoisie is still almost intact. The country's dependence upon European markets has been reduced to a minimum. A revolution in America — if we leave Europe out of account — may still lie decades in the distance.

*Le Matin*, which is conducting a campaign in favor of making France independent of imported food, proposes to offer valuable prizes to the French farmers who raise the largest wheat crops per hectare. In order to stimulate popular interest in the national wheat crop, this journal plans also to offer a second series of prizes for the best crop-estimates submitted by its readers.

This paper says that in spite of the 'extremely high wages paid' during the summer months, many farmers cannot get the help they need.

Consider the case of a farmer's wife, already overburdened with her regular duties, when there are twenty cows in the stable to milk and feed, and all the kitchen work and housekeeping to do besides. Her milkmaid threatens to leave almost every day, on some silly pretext, and as there is no one to take her place the only recourse that the farmer has is to sell his cows and reduce his whole establishment to a more modest scale.

The factories are making a stronger appeal than ever to rural workers. . . . If one farm-hand quits a village to go to town he starts a movement that speedily assumes large proportions.

TURKEY has just completed a treaty with Afghanistan that characteristically begins with a declaration of 'the emancipation of all Eastern nations' and their right to govern themselves, followed by the recognition of Turkey as the banner-bearer of the Caliphate. The two countries bind themselves to conclude no treaties or contracts with a Government between which and the other party to the treaty there is a disagreement. Other articles provide for mail service and the maintenance of commercial and consular relations. Turkey promises to help Afghanistan to lift her level of civilization, and to send teachers and officers to that country for at least five years.

## THE MEN WHO LEAD FRANCE

BY FREDERIC WHYTE

From the *English Review*, August  
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

*Statesmen, Past and Future*, Mr. Herbert Paul entitled a volume of witty character-sketches which he published a good many years ago; his subjects, all alive and not unhopeful, — even those in their sixties and seventies, — could guess for themselves in which category they were placed! The very well-informed and discriminating observer who, in a little book called *Ceux qui nous mènent*, portrays and analyzes for us some of the most conspicuous leaders of twentieth-century France, might almost have used, without sarcasm, the same method of classification. Of the dozen outstanding figures in his gallery of thirty-five, he himself feels that six, though they once counted for something in French politics, — one of them for a great deal, — now count no longer: MM. Clemenceau, Barthou, Bérard, Briand, Painlevé, Viviani. The remaining six, he holds, have still to be reckoned with: M. Poincaré, in whom the immense majority of his countrymen still place their hopes; M. Millerand, who may remain a power even when he has ceased to be President; M. Caillaux, a 'dark horse' with a bad name; M. Loucheur, M. Herriot, M. Tardieu. Before considering the six men of the future, let us look for a moment at the six of the past.

Toward M. Clemenceau the writer sums up his attitude in two very effective sentences — they may well be cited by the historian of a hundred years hence: —

When the Germans saw the beginning of their demoralization, the heralding of their

defeat, they said to themselves: 'If only we had a Clemenceau!'

That is why we must always remember that he did us too much good for us to say anything ill of him, if, perhaps, he did us too much ill for us to say nothing but good of him.

It is in this spirit that the wonderful old man is depicted, gratefully, admiringly — yet not uncritically: a bundle of inconsistencies and incompatibilities, but, amid all his changes of fortune and opinion and mood, uniformly and ardently patriotic; determined that, in so far at least as he himself could prevent it, France should never again experience the agonies of which he was the witness in 1870. A nature made for occasions of crisis, his qualities found their full revelation in the Great War. It was then, for the first time in all his long life, that he showed how much more there was in him than the ruthless upsetter of Ministries, the brilliant and resourceful journalist, the mordant wit, even than the brave champion of unpopular causes, or the devoted physician who, as a quite young man, gave his services for nothing to the poor of Montmartre. But if he deserved his nickname of *Père la Victoire*, so, according to our author, the punning correction of it, *Perd la Victoire*, was also justified. At Versailles he would brook neither opposition nor counsel from less impetuous minds than his own. In consequence, if he won the war, he lost the treaty.

And we are told a story which il-

illustrates M. Clemenceau's strange mixture of attributes. If there is one point in regard to him as to which friends and enemies, admirers and censors, have always agreed it has been as to his complete freedom from sentimentality. A 'hard nut' he has often been called, whether tolerantly and with a smile, or with a shrug of the shoulders. Well, this 'hard nut,' when Premier (1906-9), could not bring himself to sign a sentence of death. 'But come!' said to him one of his colleagues in the Government, 'a man like you, how can you be against capital punishment?'

'Well, I will tell you,' replied M. Clemenceau. 'My father was for its abolition, and I should be doing too much hurt to his memory' — *'Et je ferais trop de peine à sa mémoire.'*

With M. Painlevé, a somewhat colorless personality, we need not trouble ourselves much. M. Poincaré, who has weighty reasons for all his actions, will explain some day why he made M. Painlevé Premier in 1917. In the meantime, this choice remains a mystery. It was certainly a mistake.

MM. Barthou and Bérard, MM. Briand and Viviani, are all of them more interesting. They run in couples. The two former hail from Béarn; both began life as extraordinarily brilliant students; both attained office at an early age; both became noteworthy as lovers of literature; neither has won great admiration outside France. Of the younger, M. Bérard, we learn: '*Il a la bonne grâce qui désarme l'envie*'; perhaps that phrase may serve for his epitaph as a politician. Of the senior, M. Barthou, author of fine biographical studies of Mirabeau and Lamartine, we read that, although 'affable, cordial, amusing, competent, energetic, and patriotic,' he has never been 'a force in Parliament.' Nor has he been always thought much of as a Ministerial col-

league, apparently. 'If you were Premier,' another French statesman was once asked, 'would you rather have Barthou with you or against you?' And the reply was: 'It's the same thing.' This, we are warned, may well be a mere *méchanceté*, but even the telling of such a tale has significance.

The other two, M. Briand and M. Viviani, have also had parallel lives. Both were born in poverty; both are orators; both began as Socialists; both, in becoming Ministers, exposed themselves to the familiar taunt about poachers being made into gamekeepers. M. Viviani we find designated '*le Ténor du Parlement*' — a very expensive tenor, it is added, for his speeches were *affichés* upon the walls of every *département* of the Republic; every time he opened his mouth the bill for printing and posting came to '*quelques centaines de mille francs*!' Both are men of exceptional talents, but both appear now to be out of the running: M. Viviani, because he was never fond of work and has come to aspire only to posts which are '*confortables et bien rétribués*'; M. Briand, because of that luckless game of golf at Cannes and all it symbolized! M. Viviani stands as a type of 'the Socialist completely tamed'; M. Briand, on the other hand, may yet return to his first love. It is his only chance, and we are to note that, when he fell from power, he was careful to fall 'toward the Left.'

It will have been observed that in this list of the leaders of French political life there is no place for professed Royalists or for out-and-out Communists, or for philosophic Internationalists like M. Romain Rolland: the nearest approach to all three extremes is M. Caillaux, who, like the versatile Habakkuk, is '*capable de tout*.' What are we to think of M. Caillaux? 'Ah, of course, if Caillaux were to return to power! . . .', is, we are told by one of

his English admirers a frequent cry of good Europeans — it is the cry in particular of all the innumerable wise men and women who know so infinitely better than M. Poincaré how France should be governed. It is the aspiration, also, we may be sure, of Herr Stinnes, in common with those twin idealists, Mr. Lloyd George and Signor Nitti; and if it be not shared by Signor Nitti's other spiritual counterpart, M. Loucheur, that is only because M. Loucheur has serious designs on the French Premiership for himself.

To read the views of M. Caillaux which have prevailed in the English Press, is to visualize an almost sublime statesman — a beautiful embodiment of courage, knowledge, vision, judgment, sobriety, high-mindedness, and true patriotism.

The courage is beyond dispute. Physically and intellectually M. Joseph Caillaux is a brave man. But the Caillaux known in France is in every other respect comically different. The impression we get of him in *Ceux qui nous mènent* is one of a man of unbridled passions, vain, ill-balanced, and untrustworthy, but with likable, even lovable, traits; an unscrupulous deceiver of others, but often a deceiver of himself as well; a receptive feather-brain often quite genuinely carried away by ideas and theories; not the traitor, and not the mere self-seeking swindler his enemies believe him to be: his most prominent characteristic, perhaps, an absolute conviction of his own wisdom.

The chapter on M. Caillaux is the most interesting in the whole book. Did space permit, one would be tempted to translate page after page of it. Having recalled the saying of Caillaux père, a cynical old Conservative, embittered by his own relative failure in politics: '*Je n'ai pas pu tuer la République, mais Joseph s'en chargera,*'

and having recorded how the son, abandoning the Conservatives, became the leader of the Radical Party — a Party '*devenu un syndicat d'appétits et d'où le vieil idéalisme avait disparu*' — and led it '*en tenue d'homme de monde et avec les insolences de talon rouge,*' the author thus sums up the singular individual in whom we are so often assured that we should recognize the only possible regenerator of France: —

Contempt for the voter was at the base of his political life. When he was first elected for the Sarthe he succeeded to a duke. 'M. de la Rochefoucauld or I, it is all one!' he declared. When he became a member of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry he represented the *ralliés*. He went all lengths in this duplicity; even presenting Confessionals to the churches, with the result that there came to be Caillaux-ites even among the clergy. These trickeries did not shock people in the rural districts. A worthy farmer in the Sarthe, when remonstrated with for giving his vote to the Radical-Socialists, replied with a wink: 'Why, this Monsieur Caillaux, he is no more a Radical than you nor I! He only talks like that because he's got to!' . . . Subsidies, jobs, bribes: Joseph Caillaux knew all the resources of democracy. He paid court to the lowest instincts, the most ignoble impulses. Money and selfish interests: from top to bottom of French society he recognized no other motive. That is how he came to be called '*le plutocrate démagogue.*'

'*Ne va jamais avec ces gens-là!*' Caillaux père had warned his son, speaking of the Conservatives. Young Joseph, who had been brought up on the laps of duchesses, remained with the Conservatives as long as it suited his book. By 1918, however, he had reached the opposite pole. Lipscher, Minotto, Bolo, Almereyda — rogues and knaves all, such was the company he kept. Hence his trial and his banishment. 'Whither France? Whither



Europe?' he asks loftily in his latest volume. 'Whither Caillaux?' let us ask in our turn. Here is a compatriot's reply:—

The exile does not lose hope that his hour may return. He writes books in self-justification. He claims to know how to cure our financial wounds and the maladies of Europe. He publishes articles in *L'Ere Nouvelle*. He has become the hero of the Communists. He counts on taking his revenge in the Sarthe at the coming election, and on becoming the leader of a Left Bloc in the next Chamber. The Radical Party, which he has compromised, fears him and dares not disavow him. Should a period of public disturbances supervene, Joseph Caillaux, with his rancors, would become once again a dangerous man.

After M. Caillaux, the two French politicians most in favor with the majority of our publicists have been M. Loucheur and M. Herriot. It would be amusing to reckon up the number of times organs of opinion have assured their readers, with joy and relief, that M. Poincaré's time was up, and that the practical, sensible M. Loucheur, or the broad-minded and intelligent M. Herriot would soon now be in power. The author of *Ceux qui nous mènent* does not greatly encourage these hopes. A popular figure as Mayor of Lyon, a noteworthy figure in Parliament, M. Herriot, he says, lacks the qualities essential to leadership. He is 'fat' and 'soft'—there is 'no bite' in him.

And M. Loucheur? Well, the Nitticum-Lloyd-George of France has immense ambition and immense energy. He was *roulé* by Rathenau, it is true, and his prestige has suffered thereby, but he is a man not easily baffled, and he is, in his rough, common, ordinary way, a good fellow and no fool. Should the present Government fall, he certainly may find his chance. His political standpoint is a very simple one. He considers 'that the world should be-

long to the captains of industry, of whom he is the most important, on condition that these captains of industry be also statesmen, and among statesmen he stands first.' Much is possible to a millionaire with such a creed!

There remains, among *prétendants* to the Premiership, M. André Tardieu, M. Clemenceau's right-hand man during the peace negotiations at Versailles. Like M. Caillaux, M. Tardieu has the temperament and—at all events since his schooldays—has lived the life of an aristocrat. A political journalist now, he has been a diplomat. During the war he was a *Capitaine de Chasseurs à pied*. Like M. Caillaux, too, he is an absurd egoist, and he has been implicated in at least one financial scandal. But the worst thing against him is his responsibility for the Versailles Treaty; he had a greater share in the authorship of it than M. Clemenceau himself, and its one supreme demerit, already mentioned, is laid to his blame. But, like M. Caillaux and M. Loucheur, he is endowed with illimitable self-esteem, and in politics he is a bold and resolute gambler. M. Tardieu, we gather, has the best chance of all.

M. Millerand, by reason of his present unique position, stands apart from the rest. What is to be predicted of him? He possesses, this French writer tells us, the chief qualities of M. Clemenceau and of M. Briand without the faults of either. If, like M. Clemenceau, he is strong and masterful and obstinate, he has M. Briand's social charm in intimate relationships. Like M. Briand, he began life as a Socialist, and had reached fifty before he found himself on the side of Conservatism and Capital. But there was a difference in the political evolution of the two men, M. Briand's being that of a dilettante, M. Millerand's that of a doctrinaire. The latter's newest doctrine,

indicated on his arrival at the Élysée, is that the French President should feel entitled, not merely to reign, but to govern. His own future depends upon the manner and measure in which he puts this doctrine into practice. He practised it very effectually when he recalled M. Briand from Cannes, but, with M. Poincaré as Premier, his scope is drastically limited. It is known that their different views of the Presidential powers have already produced a coolness between the two strong men. M. Poincaré takes his stand by the Constitution now as he did when he was President himself. M. Millerand has declared for Constitutional reform. What has come to that project? Has he abandoned it? It is much more likely that, silently and a little sullenly, he is merely biding his time.

One thing at least is certain — the President's time will not come while M. Poincaré remains Premier. And this brings us to the central figure on our stage, the square-jawed little sober-sides from Lorraine — scholar, soldier, journalist, lawyer, statesman.

Our trenchant, and occasionally flippant, author has little but good to record of M. Poincaré, whose position he begins by comparing with that of Thiers. Nobody since Thiers, he says, has achieved such popularity with the *classes moyennes* of France. But from the peculiar weaknesses of Thiers — his petulance, capriciousness, and boast-

fulness — M. Poincaré is completely free.

In fact, almost the only serious lack in M. Poincaré's equipment, we are assured, is his Lorraine prudence, or, more precisely, his exaggerated scrupulousness. Whereas, for instance, it was entirely to his honor that, while President, he sent habitually to the *Assistance Publique*, for the poor, the gifts of various kinds which came to him at the Élysée and which he would have been justified in keeping for himself, it was deplorable that a meticulous regard for precedents should have restrained him from dealing with M. Malvy as that Minister deserved. If M. Poincaré has become '*un homme d'État national*,' he has done so in a new way of his own. The phrase has been wont to call up ideas of *panache* — the kind of *panache* associated with Cyrano de Bergerac and the flamboyant Gambetta. There is nothing of this romance about Raymond Poincaré. He lacks audacity and picturesqueness. He is just a sober man of affairs, a jurist, an advocate. At the moment he is pleading the case for France. *Voilà tout!*

And the writer ends on a serious note:—

M. Poincaré has the trust of the public. If this trust were to prove ill-founded, it would be a matter so grave that no one dares to think of the consequences. That is why all Frenchmen are united in hoping for his success.

## NEW POLAND

BY AUSTIN HARRISON

From the *National Review*, August  
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

FEW people in Britain have busied themselves with Poland, yet Poland is not only one of the real European factors, but emphatically the corner stone of Central and of East Europe. There, one can literally relive history, which once more has repeated itself. An empire of the remote past has been revived, a people liberated from political obliteration; and now again Poland, a nation, is a State with a soul, a culture, and an almost fascinating malady of patriotism. New Poland begins; Europe returns to the days of Maria Theresa, Voltaire, and Catherine of Russia — minus Russia, which latter is, of course, Poland's eternal question. Thus Bolshevism, or the eclipse of Russia, is Poland's opportunity. What will she make of it? In no small part Poland is Europe's responsibility.

Poland's fate — to have no natural boundaries — is Poland's problem, the difficulties of which are seen at a glance on the map. A visit to the Continent is perhaps necessary to reënforce the meaning of the words 'strategic frontier' — in Europe one hears little else after the all-embracing topic of the exchange; and so once more Poland is an ethnographic whole in the centre of Europe with an enormous frontier line, encircled by her old historic foes, reborn, like a legend, overnight, a people of some 30,000,000: one of the very few who won the war. Her map-drawers were generous. They gave her the corridor with a sea-border, and they placed Danzig and the Free State within the Polish tariff system. They

gave her the Galician oil-fields. They gave her, despite the plebiscite, the Upper Silesian iron- and coal-fields, thus splitting up the intricate industrial mechanism built up by the Germans there; and as Poland is agriculturally entirely self-supporting, has great forest and salt mines, and a very real industrial production in Lodz and the factories built by the Germans in Posen, there can be no doubt but that Poland is economically sound, and could in a year or so be a considerable exporter of wood, of agricultural products, of coal, and even of textiles. Poland, as now created, is rich in natural resources. If Europe can return to economic conditions, Poland will undoubtedly become a stable and flourishing country.

But as in the past, so in the present. The Poles are temperamental politicians. Once more the cry is 'from sea to sea' — from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The sabre rattles, Poland 'over all.' With charming naïveté, Poles talk of their moderation in not including Ukraina within their borders; they covet all Silesia; they opine that the Danzig Free State will shortly be Polonized, and they will tell you, *pace* the League of Nations, that the 'sword will keep what the sword holds.'

Poland's difficulties are political, as they always have been through her bruised and eventful history. Pilsudski's dream to reconquer Ukraina has failed; the line agreed with the Bolsheviks is accepted, but the army remains the hope and pediment of the new nation. Once upon a time, Poland

was united with Lithuania; to-day the Lithuanians are bitter enemies. Then there are the 'White Russians,' and again the Ruthenians of the Ukraine who are also fiercely nationalist. Cut out of Germany, Poland holds Upper Silesia with the great coal and iron industry built up there; portions of West Prussia, a slice of East Prussia, Posen, and the Free State corridor, which includes Danzig. Lastly, there is the Jewish problem, quite specific to Poland, the Jews forming fourteen per cent of the whole, and forty per cent of the cities.

Poland has all the composite language, racial, and religious difficulties of old Austria. She has to absorb or beat into submission millions of the toughest people in Europe. Plainly, her future will depend upon the Polish sword or on a wise and constructive statesmanship. A mistake on her part and all Eastern Europe may any year be in flames again.

But Poland has unbounded enthusiasm, and close observers on the spot admit that she has done well. War ravaged her from end to end. I saw dozens of railway bridges still unrepaired; lines torn up; telegraph poles cut down; villages in ruins; yet over one thousand four hundred bridges have been rebuilt and many peasants' cottages; and at last the great Poniatowski Bridge at Warsaw, blown up by the Russians, is being restored. Poland exists — despite her currency. A splendid enthusiasm prevails. Poland is a nation of happy people, intensely proud of their regeneration, almost ludicrously national, reveling in their martialism (they have already five admirals), displayed everywhere; and Poland has set her heart upon reviving the old universities in what must be described as impossible conditions.

At Vilna I found Poles who had thrown up lucrative careers in America

working at the university there, which had been gutted by the Bolsheviki, for since 1918 the Poles in the north have had wars with Lithuanians and Bolsheviki, and Vilna is still riddled with shot holes. There is little money for the universities. Yet they are reviving. The first medical degree was given to a student while I was there, with civic rejoicings, and at Lemberg, renamed Lwof, and at Krakow immense interest is shown. But there are clouds. The Ruthenians now boycott the University; the Jews demand their own University; the school problem has become very acute. Alas! peoples do not learn from history. In Silesia, all last year Polish terrorism reigned supreme, and at Danzig the misguided efforts of Polonization are leading to an unfortunate position with the League of Nations, under whose care the Free State is placed. The inner atmosphere is strained. Like schoolboys, the Poles see themselves as conquerors, destined to restore the old Polish Empire. And they lack, quite naturally, men of experience.

They have no officials, very few professors, teachers, or men of experience in affairs; thus old Austrian Galicia has been drained of the trained men who, under the autonomy granted the Poles by the Emperor Francis Joseph, ran that province. Many of these men have gone to Warsaw.

In a word, Poland is very similar to new Ireland, and the Poles are temperamentally not unlike the Irish. One surprising feature is the youth of Ministers and officials. Poland is governed by young men. Impetuous exhilaration is the note. There are no precedents. Youth is in the saddle. One sees in Poland in living motion a singular national and social experiment.

Traveling from end to end of Poland, I did not see a patch of uncultivated soil, in sad contrast to England. The

peasants live in the humblest conditions. Their houses are mostly wood huts. Beds are not used. In the summer men and women go barefooted. Labor is probably the cheapest in Europe. None the less, agrarian reform is one of the great questions; quite fifty-two per cent of Poland is agricultural, and the demand for a peasant holding is an actual political cry.

Perhaps the worst feature in the new State is finance. The Grabski financial reform bill has failed. Without credit, Poland had to reconstruct as she could. She did it on paper money, with the consequences now visible. Her capital has gone. Like the Germans, the Poles have no reserves, no savings, no credit. Nearly fifty per cent of their revenue goes on the army, and lately Marshal Foch told them they must maintain sixty divisions in being. They have compromised at forty-five divisions. But Poland cannot stand such a military expenditure, even with the substantial grants given by France. And this is Poland's dilemma. If her recreation necessitates frantic armaments, then her outlook is, historically viewed, obscure, and once more history may repeat itself. As things are, Poland is a military organism which cannot pay. It is on the solution of this problem that Poland's future will depend.

I found many Poles not a little anxious. There is an effervescence in the Polish character that makes the kindly observer distrustful. New Poland has arisen at the expense of the strong. Poland is really an ethnographic problem. The Poles extend into Kief; there are hundreds of thousands on the Rhine; there are Poles in Czechoslovakia; now the French are colonizing some hundreds of thousands in Northern France, and everywhere that Poles congregate they form nationalist islands of self-determination. To

anyone conversant with European history this claim, with the inevitable war-like complications involved, adds a new terror to the great riddle of new Europe. As a post-war Prussia, Poland can hardly hope for salvation. Yet such is her rôle as the satellite of France. She has been re-created as the Eastern spur of a physical hegemony and armed accordingly. In the domain of foreign policy she is thus interdependent. She is in the position of Napoleon's Grand Duchy.

None the less, Poland should have a future. Very many Poles fully realize the ambiguity of their situation and are anxious to secure a peaceful development. Here Great Britain has a useful part to play. The Poles are somewhat aggrieved at Britain's aloofness. They would welcome anything like a policy of friendship on the part of Britain with open arms, as was testified by the remarkable demonstration offered recently to the Earl of Cavan. They would like nothing better than a little English good-will. They say frankly: 'Britain has given us the cold shoulder; France has given us power, trained our army, sold us guns — naturally we cling to France.' And it is true. Our neglect of Poland has been a mistake. All Poland but awaits a friendly word from us. Nowhere have I found in Europe a surer appreciation of British prestige and of the benefits likely to accrue from British friendship.

The Polish question depends very largely upon wise guidance. Left to herself, she must form part of the ruling armed constellation; hence her alliance with Rumania, which she hopes will give her access to the Black Sea. The point is that new Poland stands in and as a military system, the full nature of which is crudely evident to every traveler on the Continent, and many Poles are gravely conscious of the perils of a destiny based quintessentially upon force.



Pending the revival of Russia, Poland has the chance to stabilize what must be described as a hazardous position, and for the nonce that is sufficient. The pin-prick policy, which since the Ruhr occupation amounts to economic war, pursued by Poland against Germany — the Dresden negotiations have failed to reach any settlement — is admitted to be 'inspired'; but this state of things cannot endure, and from what I saw and heard in Danzig, and in the Silesian coal districts, there can be little doubt but that this Polonization policy is conducted at the price of Polish economic and financial chaos. The truth is that racially no exact boundary line of Poland can be reconstructed. All that part of Europe has constantly changed hands by war through the centuries; and Napoleon, who for example occupied Hamburg in 1805, left all Europe nationally Balkanized, as we now say.

The corridor is, of course, a biological anomaly — it is as if Liverpool and the

surrounding districts were made a Free State under Portugal. As for the Russian side of the problem — time alone can say. But this is true. Economically, Poland is a real economic unit, given a wise policy. She has inherited splendid railway systems built by Germans and Russians; she has the great waterway of the Vistula — the Polish Rhine; her people are intelligent, if, in the parts occupied by Russia, largely illiterate; she has an export surfeit of coal enough to balance any normal budget; if she aims at peace she should be able to develop into a prosperous entity with a civilization of her own. The burning desire of Poles is for some friendly recognition from us.

Militarism is bleeding her white. The French virtually own the Galician oil, and no small part of the Silesian coal, and Poland's great virgin forest is to be sold to a foreign syndicate. She is thus hypothecating her wealth for arms. *Cui bono?* That is her question.

## LESSONS IN FRENCH, WHILE POINCARÉ PASSES BY

BY HILLEVI FALKMAN

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, June 22

(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

THE little French provincial city has all its flags up, because Premier Poincaré is expected. Under the red lanterns in the old park, hanging like enormous fruits in a landscape by Arosenius, I am walking about with Professor Benoit, the learned man who, for a sum corresponding to two Swedish *kronor* (fifty cents) an hour, has agreed to refresh my knowledge of French. In

honor of the day he has put on his *jaquette*.

There is something touching, pathetic about M. Benoit's clothes. One understands that he battles with a poverty that is almost overpowering. It is a poverty with ambition, with gestures and manners, but at the same time a poverty which tries to hide its existence after the manner of the os-

trich. M. Benoit is thin, but his jaquette is still too tight, a phenomenon one often observes among the victims of silent need.

On ordinary days M. Benoit does not wear the jaquette, but a gray coat on which black ends of thread mark the places where the buttons used to be. With that he wears a pair of trousers of blue worsted. During my acquaintance with him I have seen him wear only two different shirts, one with an egg spot, the other with a cocoa spot. To-day is a holiday; Poincaré is coming and my teacher has put on his best shirt — the one with the egg spot.

M. Benoit's outward appearance has caused a silent but hot antagonism between him and the authorities at my hotel. The proprietor eagerly recommends to his guests other teachers with less learning but neater clothes, and the porter's brutal attempt to stare M. Benoit out of countenance represents symbolically the clash between culture and puffed-up, gilded ignorance. In turn, my professor has decided to boycott the hotel. Pretending concern for my health, which requires fresh air and exercise, even when it rains, he has abandoned giving lessons in the hotel lobby, where his self-respect is hurt, and has converted my instruction into a peripatetic open-air exercise.

'The air is so mild,' he says, or 'It hardly rains at all,' or 'You will sleep better if you walk about for an hour after eating,' or 'One finds more subjects for conversation out of doors than when sitting inside.'

Artful circumlocutions, ornate paraphrases of commonplace truths are M. Benoit's specialty. How affected, for instance, is his method of announcing that the lesson is over: nothing to convey the fact that it is nine o'clock and that he has, in all truth, done enough for his eight francs — nothing

at all. No, he takes his leave as grandly as though he were a French abbé and I a marquise.

'Madame,' he will say, 'I fear I have detained you too long. But the poetry of Lamartine is truly a subject which can cause me to forget the approach of night, just as in my youth the blush of dawn sometimes found me absorbed in the works of the same admirable poet.'

This evening, therefore, M. Benoit and I walk about in the park, waiting for M. Poincaré. We have walked here evening after evening, engrossed in weighty conversation about things of high import, such as temperance, French administration of justice, the mentality of Charles XII, and the problems of education. I do not believe there is a field of human knowledge which is strange to M. Benoit. The intellectual gap between us is further widened by the fact that he continually corrects my French.

Over and over again he says, 'Remember, madame, that only when you want to express absolute certainty may you use the indicative. Whenever a doubt exists in your mind, you ought to use the subjunctive.' Or, 'A noun must always be preceded by an article. There are two exceptions: in proverbs and when one wishes to suggest haste, as for example in Fontaine's famous strophe, "*Hommes, femmes, moines, tous se précipitent*." Could you by chance, madame, have heard of La Fontaine?'

The doubt conveyed in this question through the correctly employed subjunctive cuts me a little. In a foolish desire to assert myself I begin a conversation intended to reveal my acquaintance with at least the newer French literature.

My *professeur* listens politely, but unmercifully pursues all my linguistic errors. It soon dawns on me that the modern *belles lettres* have in M. Benoit

a sworn enemy. On the other hand, he loves the French classical writers with an intensity that causes his eyes to sparkle and his otherwise professional voice to vibrate. The muses stood at his cradle, and the wings of great spirits soar over his poverty-stricken and probably not very tidy existence, which he carries on in a two-room lodging together with a wife who, I am told, always goes about in a dressing-gown.

What M. Benoit cannot forgive in the modern authors is that they have dragged down and degraded the beautiful French language. The last masterpiece was *Cyrano de Bergerac*. It was not, to be sure, the great, the true romanticism; it was not Lamartine, not de Vigny, not Racine, not Corneille, but it was romanticism just the same. Of more recent writers he tolerates only Henry Bordeaux and Paul Bourget, who are trying to lift the language from the materialistic marsh in which Zola and his consorts have sunk it. 'But all the rest —' says M. Benoit, and with his 'mourning-edged' finger tips he makes a motion as though he wanted to flick them from the face of the earth.

M. Benoit knows everything better than I do, whether it be the cooking of a trout in black butter or the making of a woman's lingerie. The latter subject was brought up by my expression of discontent with some purchases I had made in one of the department stores in Paris. In his desire to see everything, even feminine vanity, in its social connection, he gives me a detailed exposition of the exploitation of feminine labor which has developed through the power of these concerns. He feels confident that he has mastered all the subtle details which make up a piece of woman's underwear; he can draw parallel comparisons between Irish and Valenciennes lace, he knows

the difference between eyelet embroidery and *broderies à jour*, and understands how to estimate exactly the price-raising effect of hand-sewn side seams.

He demonstrates, just as clearly though not so circumstantially as the much-scorned Zola, how it happens that the linen seamstress, who sews by hand, is and must remain handicapped in her fight for existence. She cannot improve her wages through collective bargaining and strikes. The peasant women sew on linen for the big department stores while they watch the cows, while they rock the cradle, while the bread is baking, and while the soup is cooking. Those who sew on 'ready-mades' are not thus threatened by competition, because for that work machinery, large supplies of material, and special training are required.

M. Benoit is an ardent partisan of the small trades, the modest, personally managed 'little affairs' of which there are so many in France. He makes an exception, however, in favor of the 'ready-made' department of La Belle Jardinière in Paris. 'When I buy a ready-made suit there,' he says, pointing to his indescribable jaquette, 'it fits as though I were poured into it.'

Our conversation is interrupted by a sudden commotion in the park. All rush to the picket fence enclosing it, because drums are heard from the adjoining main street. It is M. Poincaré who approaches. First comes a mounted troop of short, roly-poly officers on frisky horses; then a military section on foot; next M. Poincaré himself, surrounded by members of his Government; then cavalry and artillery again. Kaiser Wilhelm's passage through the Brandenburger Thor never had a more military effect than this republican triumphal procession.

Holding his hat in his hand, M. Poincaré walks very fast, closely

surrounded by the ministers, as though they sought his protection or wanted to protect him. How commonplace, sensible, natural, unassuming, and little out of the ordinary is this man whose policies seem to us so hazardous! But his face is so pale that his complexion almost matches the gray-blond hair and beard.

'*Comme il est blême,*' I remark to M. Benoit.

'*Il ne faut pas dire "blême,"*' replies my ever-ready mentor. '*Nous disons "blêléme."* You must prolong the *e* so that it becomes very broad.'

I repeat as broadly as I possibly can my opinion about M. Poincaré's complexion.

'Yes, I should say he was pale,' says M. Benoit. 'He is afraid, and with reason. See how he looks up at the windows. Can't you imagine a bullet coming whistling?'

'But the people are shouting, "*Vive Poincaré!*" Whence should then the bullet come?' I ask.

'From the Bolsheviki and the Communists, of course. They have their headquarters near by and it has been a question whether it was safe to let M. Poincaré come here.'

'Why should they shoot him?' I ask more naively than necessary.

'Because they disapprove of the Ruhr occupation, naturally.'

'Do the Socialists approve of it then?' I ask.

'Yes,' replies M. Benoit. 'At least officially.'

We walk along in silence. Then I have a queer hallucination. It seems so odd to see that pale, bareheaded man, almost running through the streets. It seems as though he were being driven along by the military forces, as though he were not a leader, but a victim, a martyr, or an innocent man dragged off to some tribunal of the people. How easily can the wind

change which to-day makes the leaves in the old park vibrate with cries of *Vive Poincaré*.

But M. Benoit has plainly been seized by the notion that his remark about M. Poincaré's fear may be interpreted as something derogatory to the great statesman, and he therefore adds: '*M. Poincaré est un homme dont on peut dire beaucoup de bien.* What he does, he does for the country and not for money.'

It has often struck me that when a Frenchman expresses his approval of a politician he always considers it necessary to point out that the latter does not use politics to line his private pocket. It is, after all, a comfort that in our own country we have progressed so far in our conception of honesty as a minimum social requirement that not even a housewife writing a 'character' for a parting maid considers it necessary to specify honesty as one of her qualities. The mere implication that she might be a thief would be an insult.

'Why, then, has M. Poincaré come here?' I ask.

'There is a convention in the city of former war-comrades from different countries. The Premier has come to give them his blessing before their departure, and possibly to counsel patience in the Ruhr question — whatever effect that may have.'

In M. Benoit's tone of voice lies that anticipation of failure which unquestionably characterizes the public mind, no matter how much the press and the official agitation may seek to stimulate self-confidence and defiance.

'What do you think yourself, M. Benoit, about the occupation of the Ruhr?' I ask, though not without a certain inward trembling lest such a direct personal question shock a person with such refined manners. Nor did he reply in the first person singular, but deigned to make himself the

interpreter for the moderate enlightened opinion which he himself represents:—

'The Ruhr occupation is an enterprise supported wholly by M. Poincaré's personal prestige. He is known to be a blameless, unselfish character, a statesman with few equals, a patriot beyond compare, and once he has started an enterprise he is relied upon to have the means of carrying it to a successful conclusion, though to be sure there is in the air a certain uneasiness and impatience.'

M. Benoit is a humanist, a philosopher, a worshiper of beauty, justice, and other eternal verities, but it has never occurred to him that there may be something wrong in the Ruhr occupation, any more than that the Germans may not be able to pay what is demanded and more, if they only want to.

That what is being done may be useless, unwise, or inopportune M. Benoit has clearly grasped, but don't come and tell him that it is not *morally* just.

'As a piece of strategy the whole thing may perhaps be a failure,' he admits. 'The only thing I can say with certainty, and the only thing that stands out clearly for us all and what we consider a bit hard, is that as things have developed we have to pay for the cost of the war ourselves. We have been attacked, we have had the enemy in our own country, and now we have to rebuild our ruined provinces, repairing ourselves all the damage done by the Germans. We have to pay taxes which a few years back would have seemed inconceivable. The owner of the hotel over there,' and M. Benoit points to the *hôtel de grand luxe* in the park, 'has to pay ten times what he paid before, and the proprietress of

the little café over there in the corner also has to contribute her share to pay the debts of our enemies.

'And in my own case I assure you, madame, that my income is not *énorme*'—M. Benoit says this as though he earnestly and seriously wanted to tear me from an obsession that he is a millionaire—'but on what I earn I now have to pay a tax of 1300 francs.'

While my teacher in his passionless manner revealed the sensible but worried French citizen's view of the Reparations problem, we had left the park and approached the humble little cottage where he lived. A high stone wall surrounds the house and over it project a few dry brown twigs.

It then occurs to me that I would convey an impression of friendliness and interest if I were to ask permission to see his garden, this 'Tusculum' which has enriched our conversation with so many beautiful and culinary nouns. He has described himself as a skilled gardener under whose hand *petits pois* flourish, and he has described how luxuriantly the clematis vine winds itself about his study window.

I see at once, however, that I have committed an error, a *faux pas*, in asking the privilege of seeing this garden. M. Benoit excuses himself in a manner which, in view of his usual ease, seems strained: To-night he has a few pupils who are preparing for an examination—another time, perhaps—he is so very *désolé*. And it strikes me that he says his farewell with less than his usual *rondeur*.

M. Benoit's mysterious garden undoubtedly belongs, with the La Belle Jardinière suit which fits his form as though he were poured into it, to the things I am supposed to see in fancy.



## HOW MANILA SURRENDERED

BY CAPTAIN VON L. PERSIUS

*[The following article, by a distinguished German naval expert hostile to the old régime, was written on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the capture of Manila by the American forces. It is introduced by a brief résumé of what the author considers the maladroit diplomacy of William II, which alienated the sympathy of the United States and prejudiced her against Germany in the World War. The author's personal narrative begins nearly three weeks after Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay.]*

From *El Sol*, July 31  
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

On the eighteenth of May, 1898, I embarked at Bremen on the North German Lloyd steamer Bayern in charge of a detachment of naval officers and sub-officers, destined to relieve officers ordered home from the Eastern Pacific station. On June 28 we reached Hongkong. There we transferred to a dirty little coasting steamer called the *Petrarca*, on which we reached Manila Bay the fifth of July. At the entrance, off Mariveles, the *Kaiser* was moored. I paid my respects to our fleet-commander, Vice-Admiral von Dieterichs, greeted his Flag-Lieutenant Hintze (later Admiral von Hintze, the German Naval Minister), and, after a two hours trip across the bay in a launch, boarded the *Kaiserin Augusta*, which was anchored off Manila, directly opposite the mouth of the Pasig River.

At some distance, in the vicinity of Cavite, we could see the American squadron, consisting of the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Boston*, *Raleigh*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, and *McCulloch*. Only the three first had any value as fighting units, the others being small gunboats. Several English, French, and Japanese war-vessels were anchored near the *Kaiserin Augusta*.

As soon as I arrived on board, I presented myself to the commander, Captain Köllner, and took over my

duties as navigating officer — that is, next in rank to the first officer. The first officer was Lieutenant-Commander Buchholz, who lost his life later in the Boxer campaign.

At the time of my arrival the German squadron at Manila consisted of the *Kaiser*, and of the cruisers *Irene*, *Prinzess Wilhelm*, *Cormoran*, and *Kaiserin Augusta*. In fighting strength we excelled the Americans. No one was able to answer my question: 'Why have we such a strong squadron here?' It was only later that I appreciated the fact that William II, as was his custom, was eagerly fishing in these troubled waters. The Americans were quite justified in saying: 'Whatever your intentions, you are in our way.'

We should all have been only too happy to take the hint they gave us. It was the period of tropical rains, and the middle of the typhoon season. We were seldom able to leave our ships. Our only recreation was when we went to Mariveles to coal; for there we took the opportunity to go hunting. Vice-Admiral von Dieterichs often accompanied us. He was in a highly nervous condition, and with good reason, for a large proportion of his officers were down with tropical fever.

In spite of the siege, life went on as usual in Manila. We were occasionally

the guests of the Spaniards, who felt sure we were going to assist them. One day a report was current that Germany intended to intervene decisively to save the islands, and we had much difficulty in escaping the friendly demonstrations of our hosts. In one large place of entertainment we were carried aloft on the shoulders of the crowd, which cheered interminably for Germany and her Kaiser. Another time a Reuter telegram was circulated, stating that Germany would protest against a bombardment, and that one thousand German marines had arrived at Hongkong. In truth, the latter were a detachment relieving the garrison of Kiaochow. Similar false rumors were constantly getting abroad and were readily believed by the Spaniards. Kaiser William was reported to have informed Spain that he would never permit the Yankees to occupy the Philippines.

Now and then we took a stroll around the fortifications. The Americans and the Tagalogs were on one side, and the Spaniards on the other. Little by little the Americans drew closer to the city. On several occasions our vessels received fugitives from Manila, and carried them out of the war zone.

Commodore Dewey promptly prohibited this, but without result. At last he informed Vice-Admiral von Dieterichs that he would be forced to exercise the right of visit to the German war-vessels, if such incidents continued to be repeated. [Dewey denies this in his *Autobiography*. EDITOR.] Admiral von Dieterichs challenged his right to do this, and sent his aide, Captain von Hintze, to convey this information to Dewey.

Johann Fischart, in his *Altes und Neues System*, describes the interview between these two. He says that Dewey finally asked Hintze: 'Young man, do you presume to teach me what war is?' This is unquestionably a later elabora-

tion, for it is incredible to anyone who knew the impulsive and nervous Hintze. I trust rather to the following entry, which I made in my diary at the time: 'Flag-Lieutenant Hintze, who delivered Admiral von Dieterichs's reply to Commodore Dewey, was asked by the latter: "Young man, do you really know just what war is?"' The expression 'young man' was quite natural for Dewey, who was an outspoken American and a veteran commodore commanding a squadron in a time of war and was addressing an extremely youthful-appearing officer of lower rank, who probably expressed with unbecoming frankness his ideas of what, in his judgment, the usages of war were. Neither did the interview end with Dewey's blunt question: 'Do you mean this as a threat of war?' There was merely a difference of opinion as to what accepted practice permitted in respect to exercising the right of search during hostilities.

Personally, if I were commanding a naval vessel, I would never permit the naval representatives of another belligerent Power to exercise the right to search my ship. However, every conscientious officer should, in obedience to his own sense of responsibility, carefully avoid any act that might raise this issue. No officer is entitled to imperil his country's peace over such bagatelles. And in this case the fault lay with Germany.

Vice-Admiral von Dieterichs ordered the Kaiserin Augusta to Corregidor Island, a point on the high seas just outside Manila Bay, to await the arrival of the Cormoran, expected from Iloilo. He detailed the cruiser Prinzess Wilhelm to accompany the Kaiserin Augusta. The three vessels were to return to Manila together. We raised anchor at seven o'clock on the evening of July 12, and reached Corregidor Island in the night.

Early in the morning of July 13 the Cormoran appeared, and after she had coaled at Mariveles we proceeded in company to our Manila anchorage. I was on the bridge by the side of the Commander, who gave orders to clear the vessels for action and place ammunition in readiness. At the same time he communicated to the first officer and myself his orders from Vice-Admiral von Dieterichs to resist force with force, if such occasion arose. I was struck dumb for several seconds: 'What's happened? We are surely not yet at war with the United States!' After a brief exchange of impressions I tried to impress on the Commander what the consequences of our action might be, and begged him at least to avoid the outward appearance of having cleared for action.

Commander Köllner was an exceptionally agreeable and kind-hearted man in ordinary matters; he was always accessible, and his mind was open to suggestions. But he replied to my arguments like the true Prussian officer that he was: 'You are right, but orders are orders, and I must obey.' The more I thought of it the clearer I saw the possible consequences of what we were doing. If an American warship should approach and discover that we had cleared our ship for battle, she would at once do the same. And then what? Even though this might not happen, the world would eventually learn that the German squadron had taken this rash action and thereby invited a fight with the Americans. No sensible man would ever have given an order to clear our ships for action.

When we were some distance from Corregidor Island, the Commander left the bridge, and I navigated our vessel. The gun crews and torpedo crews were at their posts. Munitions were in position for immediate use. The primers had been inserted in our shells; the

torpedoes were in their tubes. The blazing sun made the deck like a furnace. Naturally all our awnings had been taken down to avoid danger of fires, and to give free range to our guns.

I sent word to the Commander begging that we might have our awnings at least over the bridge. In case of necessity they could be taken down in a moment. Up to the present no American warship was in sight. He granted my request. Without asking further permission, I also ordered awnings to be placed over the foredeck. These concealed somewhat the fact that we had cleared for action. A few moments later we sighted the American fleet off Cavite, and the war-vessels of other nations near Manila. I signaled our squadron: 'Full speed ahead,' and got out of the zone of danger as quickly as possible. We reached our anchorage without further incident. Dewey had acted like a sensible man. I learned afterward that he had intentionally refrained from sending a vessel to meet us in order to avoid an embarrassing situation.

Naturally the fact that we had cleared for action could not be kept a secret for any length of time. Strict orders were given our officers and crew not to mention the fact. However, a petty officer named Neudeck described the incident in a letter to his folks at home. A bellicose article followed in the press. The shells and torpedoes and shining small arms of the Kaiserin Augusta were made the occasion of caustic ridicule. The petty officer was punished, but the facts were out. As a result we were the laughingstock of the Orient for several months, while America felt deep resentment at what was considered an example of German insolence. Berlin, still blind to the folly of its previous course, continued to keep at Manila a squadron out of all proportion to our interests there. The

English, French, and Japanese had only one or two cruisers. Our little colony at Manila could have been removed from harm's way, when the city was stormed, on any one of the merchant vessels lying in the harbor. Berlin could give no explanation for its course. Meanwhile we lingered on, hoping every day that orders would come to leave these torrid tropics for a more comfortable station.

On the eighth of August, Commodore Dewey finally announced that the city would be attacked within a few days, and requested the German war-vessels to make room for his squadron — that is, to get out of his line of fire. A period of great activity followed. All the German residents in the city gathered together what property they could and carried it to the wharfs. They were taken on board in our launches and our decks were soon crowded with women and children. Vice-Admiral von Dieterichs ordered his vessels to lift anchor at 9 A.M. on the ninth of August, and to take up another position that would not interfere with the American manoeuvres. The next few days were a period of impatient waiting. Would the Spaniards raise the white flag, or die fighting for their country?

My diary shows the following entries: —

*August 8 at 11 P.M.* — An American merchant vessel arriving from Hongkong has brought news of Prince Bismarck's death on July 31. The Americans have cut the cable, and Manila is without telegraphic communication. The wife of the Spanish Governor, General Augustin, has come on board with her five children, three girls and two boys. Although it is very rough, she showed great courage, but was soon taken seasick, and retired to the captain's cabin. The Kaiserin Augusta has orders to get up steam to leave. As

soon as Manila surrenders, we are to hurry to Hongkong to send notice to Kaiser William.

*August 9 at 10 P.M.* — We are all on edge. The Americans have not yet begun to bombard the city. Apparently they wish to give the refugees ample time to get away, and the Spaniards an opportunity to surrender without bloodshed. More refugees are constantly coming on board, among them the wife of our Consul, Dr. Krueger. The Kaiserin Augusta is crowded with weeping women and fretful children. Our sailors look after them with every show of sympathy. Most of them are hard at work washing and drying clothing. Our vessels took up their new position to-day. The Americans are anchoring where we formerly were, and are ready to bombard the city. The French, with their flagship Bayard and their cruiser Pascal, accompanied us. We are on the most friendly terms with them. Admiral von Dieterichs will have no intercourse with the others. The English — our enemies — have joined their friends, the Americans, at Cavite. Late this evening two American cruisers anchored precisely in our former position off the mouth of the Pasig.

*August 10 at 10 P.M.* — Oh, these Americans! They have not begun the bombardment yet. We are waiting with full steam up. What a fearful waste of coal, and we have so many families on board. We shall soon be out of provisions. It is raining torrents.

*Sunday, August 14 at 12 P.M.* — At last, at 10:15 yesterday morning the American squadron put itself in motion, and the Olympia fired the first shot. We watched with intense interest the American preparations. Their vessels were cleared for action on both starboard and port. Manila lay on the starboard. Why were the Americans also prepared to fire in our direction?

We could see with our glasses that, simultaneously with the first shot from the naval vessels, the land forces began their attack. American shells were falling in the city. We could see the soldiers scaling the walls. The defense was extremely weak, but we also observed that the Americans attacked with extraordinary speed and spirit. The cathedrals were carefully respected.

The fire was directed principally against the suburbs. The bombardment lasted more than an hour. At one o'clock the white flag was raised on the Spanish fortress on the Pasig. Firing ceased immediately. At five in the afternoon the American flag floated over the city. American vessels saluted. The conditions of surrender were very generous. Dewey has liberated several Spanish officers. The Spanish troops are to be repatriated immediately. The political administration and the courts are to continue as under the Spaniards. Soon after the surrender, the Spanish Governor, Señor Augustin, came aboard our ship with his adjutant. At a quarter before seven we lifted anchor, and left at full speed for Hongkong. I had the difficult task of steering our vessel, in the dense blackness of the night and the torrential rain, through Corregidor Channel, where the lights have been extinguished.

*August 17.* — The Kaiserin Augusta reached Hongkong at 1 P.M. Our vessel is the fastest warship in the Eastern Pacific. We can make  $21\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour. The other ships will not be here until to-morrow. We have received the following strict orders: For the next twenty-four hours no one is to say a word of the surrender of Manila. Why? Must William II know of this event twenty-four hours before the rest of the world? (Or was this, as a prominent bank manager told me later, to favor stock-exchange speculators?)

*August 18.* — We have left Hongkong for Manila. Vice-Admiral von Dieterichs has gone with his flagship to Batavia. The station will be much pleasanter for us than before.

*August 21.* — The stupid order we received at Hongkong not to mention the surrender of Manila has raised a great row, and caused much indignation. The Americans blame us for carrying away Governor Augustin. This promises to cause diplomatic complications. Within twenty-four hours of our arrival at Hongkong all the world knew we had General Augustin on board. Kaiser William has sent several inquiries to ascertain if we brought Augustin with Dewey's consent. The commanding officer is consulting with me as to what answer to give. We really know absolutely nothing as to that, and were merely carrying out the order of Vice-Admiral von Dieterichs. That order was perfectly clear: 'Receive Augustin and family on board, and take them to Hongkong.' After several consultations the Commander has telegraphed to Berlin: 'So far as I know, yes, with the consent of Dewey.'

Now it has been learned that Augustin left the city before the surrender. Quite naturally Washington has asked Berlin: 'Why did you assist the Governor to flee?'

Since Vice-Admiral von Dieterichs has left Manila, our officers begin to fraternize with the Americans. Commodore Dewey is much respected by all of us. His courtesy and kindness on many occasions have won our hearts.

*August 28.* — Commander Köllner of the Kaiserin Augusta has made his official call upon General Merritt, the American Governor of Manila. The fact is, Admiral von Dieterichs forbade all private calls and friendly relations. But, thanks to my persuasion, Köllner has become convinced that he should



change his attitude. Later he told me with great gratification how courteous the Americans were. Captain Truppel, commander of the Prinzess Wilhelm (who was later Governor of Kiaochow), remarked to me this afternoon that Köllner had gone too far in his friendly overtures, for he had said to General Merritt: 'We and all the world marvel at the humane and generous way the Americans have acted, and congratulate them on their brilliant success.' Truppel's comment was: 'First one extreme, then the other.' American officers are frank in saying that they expected the Germans to try to prevent the bombardment. That was why

they delayed their attack until reinforcements arrived. The American officers display no evidence of conceit or self-glorification, and do not conceal the fact that they think the Spaniards offered a weak defense.

August 25. — Captain Köllner called on Dewey to-day. He tells me Dewey was extremely amiable. He does not appear to cherish any resentment. He said he had regretted exceedingly the friction between the Germans and the Americans. But he was very reserved when Köllner touched upon the real question at issue, and merely said: 'We hope that from now on our wishes will be respected.'

## FLYING IN THE ARCTIC

BY W. MITTELHOLZER

*[The author is a Swiss aviator experienced in Alpine flying, who was in charge of the Aviation Expedition sent to Spitzbergen to coöperate with Amundsen in his attempt to fly from Point Barrow to that destination. He took with him an all-metal Junker sea-plane, with which to relieve Amundsen, should the latter be compelled to land in the course of his long flight. Although Amundsen's failure was known before the writer reached Spitzbergen, he utilized his opportunity to make the interesting aerial reconnaissance described below.]*

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, July 27  
(SWISS LIBERAL REPUBLICAN DAILY)

AFTER a week's stop at Tromsø, we finally disembarked our expedition of nine men at Green Harbor, Spitzbergen, in latitude 78° 2' on the third of last July. We found a suitable anchorage for our plane, which was temporarily upon floats, in the little bay near the old whaling post where the Norwegian radio-station now stands. The fiord had been clear of ice since May, but the neighboring heights, which were mostly covered with gla-

ciers, still lay deep in winter snow. On the fourth and fifth of July we made our first reconnaissance flights. Both of these were northward across Ice Fiord, nearly twenty miles broad and forty miles long, and led us to Dickson and Eckman Bays with their interesting scenery and geological formations.

Farther on we passed over the immense Svea glacier, more than twenty-five miles long, to the flat Høltedahll ice plateau, marked upon the maps as

unexplored. We crossed this immense snow-field, which was broken by low peaks resembling, from our point of vision, mouldering tree-stumps. These are the last remains of what was once a lofty mountain, which has been planed down almost flat by glacier erosion. After these preliminary flights I felt prepared for a more ambitious expedition across the highest mountain ranges of Spitzbergen, northward to North East Land, and possibly even to the boundary of the pack ice.

On Saturday, July 7, a fresh wind from the northwest cleared the atmosphere with surprising speed and thoroughness, dispersing the last remnants of the clouds and mists that for the greater part of the year enshroud the loftier snow-peaks. The glaciers glowed like gold in the deep blue sea. At 12 P.M., Saturday, I sat on a bench in front of the cabin that the Norwegian Coal Mining Company at Advent Bay had courteously placed at our disposal, and basked in the full rays of the mid-night sun, enjoying its grateful warmth after several days of cold foggy weather. Since it was impossible for me to sleep in the bright light of these arctic nights, my mind busied itself with our projected flight across a vast region of ice and snow, never yet seen by mortal man.

After weighing the matter carefully, and conferring with the officers of the Norwegian auxiliary cruiser *Farm*, I determined to cross from the Ice Fiord over the Chydenius Range, which culminates in the crystalline pinnacle of Newtontop at a height of nearly 6000 feet, and thence across the fifty or sixty miles of mountainous country to Hinlopen strait. I should thus be able to get photographs of the almost unknown interior of this great island, which extends for more than one hundred and twenty-five miles along the eightieth parallel. From the Strait we could follow the

border of the pack ice westward to Cape Barren, the northwestern point of Spitzbergen, and continue along the romantic west coast, eventually turning south to our starting-point. The Norwegian officers, who had just returned from a long cruise north of Spitzbergen, informed me that several whalers were operating in Wyde Bay, and along the border of the pack ice. This was a comforting fact to know in case we should be forced to make an emergency landing during our five or six hundred mile flight over this uninhabited arctic country.

On Sunday we were blessed with marvelous weather. The sea, usually a tumult of tossing whitecaps, was as calm and smooth as a field of blue satin. The dazzling white sides of an unending procession of icebergs were reflected from this surface as in a mirror. A few eider ducks were all that broke the Sunday silence. I felt as if I were about to rise from some lofty Alpine lake to make a tour over the romantic summits of my Swiss mountains. To the westward, at the entrance of Ice Fiord, the Althorn towered proud and unapproachable, lifting its three sharp pinnacles of ice high above the endless sea, outrivaling in its sheer declivities and isolation all the Wetterhorns of the Bernese Alps.

My pilot, Neumann, was a veteran sea-plane operator. He carefully tested his aluminum bird while I busied myself putting on board emergency rations for three weeks, besides rifles, skis, and all my necessary implements. Among the latter was my heavy photographic equipment, consisting of two aviation cameras with eighty plates, and a Goerz cinema camera with five hundred yards of film. I had arranged a long table in the cabin for my maps, chronometer, compass, and a quadrant — the latter in order to ascertain our position, should we be forced to make an emer-

gency landing. I hoped that, even though our motor failed us, we might be able to reach some inhabited overland point in a few weeks.

At last we were ready. At 11.40 A.M. Neumann started the heavily laden Icebird. We had some difficulty in rising, for we were not getting full power from our motor. Passing the wooden barracks of the Coal Company at a low elevation, we turned northeast across a flat swampy point of land, and the great Ice Fiord lay before us. A picture of indescribable grandeur now unfolded itself before our admiring eyes. On both sides vast glaciers, framed in rugged cliffs, descended into the deep blue water. To the northward rose a sea of peaks and pinnacles whose violet hues stood out with knife-like sharpness against the golden-yellow horizon. There was not a cloud in the sky. To the southward one snowy dome followed another under an azure blue Italian heaven beyond which our gaze seemed to lose itself in infinity. With such conditions it was child's play to set our course. My heart leaped exultantly at the prospect before us.

But what ailed our motor? Whenever Neumann gave it more gas, in order to rise quickly, it would knock distressingly. We exchanged glances and questioning gestures. I hastily scribbled on a piece of paper that I left it to Neumann to decide whether we should turn back and learn the cause of the trouble. But Neumann motioned vigorously ahead, throttled down his motor as much as possible, and trusted to his 'flyer's luck' not to leave us in the lurch. I was delighted at his decision, for who knew how long this glorious weather was to last? It will clear up almost instantaneously in Spitzbergen, but with equal suddenness the west wind will drive in heavy clouds from the sea — where a distant

golden band even now marked the edge of the lurking fog-bank.

Gradually we gained a greater elevation, and Spitzbergen's world of mountains and glaciers continued to grow wilder and more impressive. By the time we reached Billen Bay, which we crossed at 12.40 P.M., I had already corrected and supplemented in several places the map of the Norwegian expedition of 1909-1910. This map gives practically no contours, and the coast line is in places inaccurate. I photographed, sketched, made memoranda, and took cinema pictures in turn. The labor was greatly facilitated by our large cabin, which was open on both sides and in front, as far as the pilot's seat.

Finally I motioned to Neumann to turn northeast. The black granite cliffs of the Chydenius Range lay directly in front of us. On our port quarters we could now see the deep narrow Wyde Bay, ninety miles long, and far beyond the dark-blue waterline of the Arctic Ocean. But what of the yonder gray fog-bank? We watched it closely in order to turn southward in an emergency before it could reach the north coast and block our way.

A few tense minutes followed. We had been forced to throttle down our motor, so that we were only five thousand feet above the sea, and Newtontop still towered above us. When Neumann gave the motor more gas to rise higher, it began to knock again, so our only recourse was to find a way through the mountain passes, where we were violently tossed hither and thither by powerful wind currents. We would glide above deep abysses, skirt glittering bluish-green ice precipices, and turn sharply this way and that in order to record on our films as much as possible of the glorious, awe-inspiring scenery on either hand. Neumann performed his task with coolness and courage. I

touched his left shoulder with my ski stick, and he turned left, until I touched him on the head, when he continued in a direct course forward. We had agreed beforehand on similar signs for ascending and descending and for every other movement of the plane demanded.

For nearly half an hour we threaded our way with many a twist and turn amid the highest peaks of Spitzbergen — in a sea-plane! But the magnificence of the scenery dulled all sense of danger. After I had taken some hundred yards of film, and a dozen large photographs, whose location unfortunately I could indicate but roughly on my chart, I gave the sign to fly directly northeast. Leaving our lofty mountain companions, we were soon speeding over a mighty glacier, where we could easily have made a landing almost anywhere. Toward the north for fifty miles stretched a level, gently sloping ice-cap, like a great shroud covering the northern end of New Friesland and descending on the east to Hinlopen Strait.

About two o'clock we again crossed open water. It proved to be Lomme Bay, the head of which was free of ice on account of a river that flowed in at this point. The rest, as far as Hinlopen Strait, was covered with unbroken ice. It glistened below us in every hue, from translucent blue to dull green. At last, after two and a half hours' flight, we had reached the altitude we sought — 2000 metres. Looking northward and eastward our vision embraced the whole extent of Hinlopen Strait, that passage so dreaded by arctic mariners. Directly ahead for a hundred miles or more lay mysterious North East Land, whose ice-cap descends like a lava flow into the surrounding sea. I was unable to discover the lofty ice precipice, 1400 feet high, marked on Nansen's map. On the contrary, the interior seemed to me

to consist of a uniform, gently rolling ice surface.

A stiff north wind checked our progress. Whenever we turned to make a picture, we were driven southward. North of Hinlopen Strait the sea was mostly open, but the Strait south of Wahlenberg Bay was completely closed with pack ice. Only in a few places could I detect tiny blue spots of water dotted with ice cakes. I found it impossible to distinguish the numerous islands marked upon the map from the surrounding flocs.

Far to the northeast a bright glittering snowy dome towered above the flat inland plain of North East Land, indicating the direction of North Cape in  $80\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  northern latitude. In this clear weather it would have been easy to reach the eighty-first or eighty-second parallel, if our motor had been working smoothly. But on several occasions it would knock and spit so that I imagined it would stop the next moment. For this reason I decided not to penetrate farther into North East Land, for an emergency landing there would spell our doom.

Near Whale Island we passed the eightieth parallel, and turned west. To the left and directly ahead of us lay Sorrow Bay, still filled with ice. It was here that the Herzog Ernst, with the Schroeder-Stranz expedition, was crushed by ice in 1912, and only three of the ten young Germans on board eventually escaped, after a three months' journey of untold hardship to the Norwegian coal mines at Advent Bay.

By 3 P.M. we were again over open water, close to Grey Hook, the northernmost point of Andrée Land. Wyde Bay, embosomed in its blue mountains, extended south of us for seventy-five miles. From our altitude I could make out clearly the characteristic chalk and Jura formations of the mountains surrounding Green Harbor. Toward

the west the picture was wilder and savager. A circle of precipitous peaks rose from the depths of the polar ocean like a great fortress outlined in dark purple against the yellow western heavens. It was a glorious view that made us forget all concern as to a successful return. On no Alpine flight have I ever had such a transparent atmosphere, or seen such a play of colors — purer and more brilliant than any tropical vegetation can show. The temperature at our elevation of 2200 metres was not perceptibly lower than at sea level. At Green Harbor, when we left, the thermometer stood at 41° Fahrenheit and here it was still 33°. Although the wind blew violently through the cabin I literally perspired at my labors.

On our starboard lay the quiet ocean, with here and there a solitary iceberg. But some thirty miles beyond hung a dense mantle of fog, which I estimated to be at least three hundred feet thick, with an edge as sharp as if it were cut with a knife. Through that lay the path to the Pole. . . . At 3.14 P.M. we crossed the snow-covered tundra of Reindeer Peninsula. Broad Bay, right ahead of us, was filled with emerald-green drift ice. I motioned my pilot to descend close to the surface in order that I might make a film of it. Then we gradually rose over the Norway Islands, whose western coast was already wrapped in fog. At 4 P.M. I detected, from a height of nearly 5000 feet, Virgin Harbor on Dane Island, where the ruined barracks of Andrée's unfortunate balloon expedition were still visible. By this time the fog, which until shortly before hung far out at sea, had crept down to the western coast of Spitzbergen and blocked our course across the water. This forced us to turn sharply to port, and cross the heights of Reusch Peninsula to Magdalena Bay, and then across Lilliehock

Glacier to Cross Bay, which we reached about 4 P.M. Here the dark granite mountains and glittering glaciers descend abruptly from a height of 4000 feet to the green-blue waters of this most magnificent of all fiords.

The next two hours relieved the tension upon our nerves. Atmospheric conditions continued to be perfect. Our motor was now working smoothly, singing its monotonous metallic song in perfect rhythm. Our destination was already visible amid the ocean of mountain summits far to the southward. We were now over the best-known part of Spitzbergen. Should we be forced to land upon any of the numerous glaciers beneath us, we could reach the coal mines at King's Bay on our skis in four to eight days.

The western sun shone warmly into the cabin. My day's labor was done. I could surrender myself completely to the charm of the glorious scenery. Crystalline mountain peaks of Prince Charles Foreland rose almost within touching distance out of a broad sea of clouds that lay like an ocean of fluid fire over the western ocean. Mighty glaciers descended toward the southeast, between the snowy plateaus of Holtedahl and Löwenskiöld toward Ice Fiord, whither our course was now directed. The fog bank had already rolled in from the open sea, and we feared that Green Harbor might already be wrapped in mist. In that case we should try to make Advent Bay, and wait there until better weather enabled us to continue our course. We had visited that point shortly before, as the guests of the Norwegian Coal Company.

But after a forty minutes' flight across the glaciers of King Oscar II Land, we were directly over Ice Fiord, and could see that the entrance to Green Harbor was still free of fog. A few minutes later would have been too



late, for immediately after we landed a western storm was upon us. The good luck that had accompanied us from the beginning continued to the end. It was fifteen minutes past six when Neumann began a long glide, from a height of 5000 feet above the whaling post to the

sea. I let my weary eyes dwell a moment in a farewell gaze over this glorious northern island already endeared to me. In six hours and forty minutes we had crossed and recrossed the most interesting and beautiful mountain country of the Arctic.

## THE BUS-DRIVER AND THE BILLIARDS

BY L. DE GIBERNE SIEVEKING

From the *English Review*, August  
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

UNTIL they changed his hours, Mr. George Pebble used to be able to run his bus into the Company's garage at Hammersmith and have the whole evening to himself from nine o'clock onward.

Those were his palmy days.

At ten minutes past nine the mechanics had pounced on his bus and were having an orgy of oil and black grease among its internal gadgets, and Mr. George Pebble was well on the road to his rooms over Chiswick Mall way to have a shave and a wash. At half-past nine he would come out into the street a new man, with a collar and tie on and a shining pair of boots, carrying himself jauntily.

From his rooms the walk was not long to the 'Holy Stone,' whither he invariably went, evening after evening. It was a quiet riverside public-house. Here he found several old friends manœuvring the cracked balls about the faded, patchy cloth, and sending them with surprising skill into the crazy pockets. Soon, after the exchange of greeting, he would select his customary cue from the pile in the corner by the

dusty hat-stand, and, taking down a piece of chalk from the ledge in the frame of the 'Stag at Bay,' solemnly chalk the tip of his cue.

Night after night, peering through his great round spectacles, he bent over the billiard-table and judiciously eyed the situation. Then with great precision he would proceed to cannon and cannon and cannon again. Going into the pockets was not part of his game. He considered it waste of time to have to pick a ball out and start afresh from baulk. He had never seen a French billiard-table, or he would have realized that his ideal game was no unmaterializable dream.

When his break was finished he would stand by the fireplace and sip reflectively from his mug. Frequently his opponent was a certain greengrocer whose shop was round the corner, and when this worthy man saw the position in which Pebble had left the balls for him he would call to mind the fact that Pebble had played on this particular table for a year or more before he himself had discovered the 'Holy Stone.' Then he would remark bitterly, 'Well,

if I don't score this toime, it's because *you* know the ways of this ridic'lous table — and 'ow to make the balls git in sich positions — which is more than I shall for years!

Then he would play — and maybe retrieve his ball from the floor before the dog had time to swallow it.

'H'hm,' said Mr. George Pebble, and stared dolefully at the two remaining balls. 'S'pose I'll have to use a pocket this time. *Whoi* don't you play fair, and leave me three to cannon with?'

His evenings passed quietly and pleasantly enough, and he was always well content with life as he walked briskly home by the river.

And then the Company went and changed his hours.

No longer in the evenings was he able to sip the pewtered ale, and skillfully make cannon after cannon. No longer could he exchange the commonplaces of the day with agreeable companions who, like himself, had finished their toils, and relaxed their muscles into pleasant tiredness. Mr. George Pebble's life was spoiled — for who can play billiards in the morning when all the world is at work? Such leisure hours as were now his were worse than useless — they were a curse!

Now midnight struck before he left the garage in Hammersmith; and with weary, resentful footsteps he clanked across the bridge to his little room and went disgruntledly to bed. What booted it to him that he need not rise till half-past ten on the morrow? He never slept after six o'clock. Then he would rise and, having made a lonely breakfast, mouch along the towpath for an hour or so. One *could* talk to the bobby on the bridge or to the other along by the wharf, and also there were the casual bargemen and a tramp or two; but this was not like the old days.

Mr. George Pebble began to lose interest in life. He began to look neg-

lected. Even though the morning hours stretched before him in tapering perspective, he had not sufficient interest to shave himself. Rather, he preferred to stand by the riverside contemplating the Infinite with a miserable disgust.

And all the while in his mind, at first half-unconsciously, he made miraculous cannons off a wagon on to a lamp-post. In his mind's eye he struck imaginary balls so that they cannoned with marvellous accuracy off the corners of houses on to passing horses' heads.

Many a morning the clock of a neighboring church as it struck eleven woke the unfortunate man from a beautiful dream of a cannon most delicately aimed and judged off the parapet of Hammersmith Bridge on to the policeman's helmet, to an abrupt realization of his immediate surroundings.

With resignation in his eye and the set of his mouth he would cross the river and enter the garage. Soon after, he would be driving his bus past the railings of Hyde Park with a kind of reproachful melancholy.

But even here, at length, his dream dogged him. The other cars and carriages among which he had to steer his way became for him so many balls on an infinitely extending table. With delicate precision he moved the steering wheel and, swerving round corners, shaved the tailboards of tradesmen's vans. Once, just after the street lights had been lit, the motor bus was ploughing its way up the Euston Road. Opposite St. Pancras Station part of the road was under repair, and Mr. George Pebble only just caught sight of the red lamp that dangled from a stake in time to swerve aside and miss the hole with his front wheels. As they drew up alongside the pavement the conductor came and stood beneath him, beating himself with his arms and puffing the foggy air.

'Nearly went down that pocket, Bill!' observed Mr. Pebble to him, shaking his head. 'Very nearly. Not my idee of the game, y' know — never use 'em. Waste of time!'

The conductor looked puzzled and went aft again to his post. As he pulled the bell strap he muttered to himself, 'Old George is getting mighty *queer* lately! I wonder what's come to him?'

One night early in November Mr. Pebble drove his bus through Oxford Street with a dazed look in his eyes. He was going rather faster than usual, but this did not cause the conductor any uneasiness because he was driving with all his accustomed skill. All the same, when their off-side front mudguard clicked against the near-side mudguard of a taxi and came away with a *Ping!* he was not so sure that he liked it after all.

'Surelee Old George ain't been boozing?' he mused as he clung to the hand-rail. 'E was never one for that gime!'

All went well until they got to the corner of Tottenham Court Road. Here, in the middle of the open space where the five streets meet, stood an 'island' for foot passengers, in the middle of which was a high electric light standard.

Suddenly Mr. George Pebble's eye kindled with a strange light. He stood up in his seat, and took very careful aim with his steering wheel. Another motor bus was just coming out of Charing Cross Road. The policeman's hand was up. Mr. Pebble banged in his top gear and lifted his foot off the clutch for the last time.

As they struck the electric-light standard it quivered like a bulrush stem, and he jerked the wheel round to the right. They caught the other bus slap in the centre of its radiator, and the two huge monsters went over together in a steaming, smoking mass.

From all around the cries of the injured rose with a clamor of amazement and pain. One of the busses burst into flames. A crowd of many hundreds collected and blocked the streets in all directions.

As they lifted his mangled and broken remains out of the wreckage there was a look of wild triumph in Mr. George Pebble's eye.

'Eh?' said the policeman, bending over the ambulance.

'A magnificent cannon!' cried Mr. Pebble in a weak voice. 'And beautifully judged, though I say it meself!'

The policeman tapped his forehead.

## A SKETCH OF TURGENEV

BY M. D. GERSCHENSON

[Professor Gerschenson is one of the foremost students of Russian literature, who has devoted most of his efforts to the writers of the first half of the nineteenth century. His works on Pushkin, Griboev, Chaadaev, and some of the Decembrists are well known. We publish the first English translation from a work that appeared in 1919.]

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, July 31  
(SWISS LIBERAL REPUBLICAN DAILY)

To know a man is to know his conception of perfection, to know what it is that he longs for here below, what nourishes his discontent, what he would have done had he been given power over the world and over himself. If we would survey the spiritual countenance of Turgenev, we must lay bare the one all-controlling motive: the idea of perfection that hovered before him. Chiefly we must ask which of the three aspects of this idea most attracted him, for, of the three, one holds preponderance in every man.

Was he mastered by an ideal picture of a better world-order, to which mankind might give reality through revolution, reform, and philanthropy? Would he have a higher rank in society? Did he seek fortune, power, riches, or content? Or was it some idea of his own higher self and his own perfection that led him on? Turgenev was no reformer of the common life of man, although no doubt he deeply lamented its lack of perfection. He sought nothing for himself, and yet he dreamed of happiness and felt bitter because his love found no home. The focus of his existence was the thought of himself and what he might have been.

Religion and the Good, Love and Beauty, these were the four values that Turgenev recognized as the highest in life and regarded as healing forces

working on the souls of men. He saw perfection in the forgetfulness of the self, and it seemed to him attainable in these four ways, which he perpetually glorified.

His positive characters are, without exception, human beings who travel these roads, whether they dedicate themselves to the service of religion, like Liza in *A Nest of Nobles*, whether they serve the Good, like Don Quixote and Insarov, or a love delighting in sacrifice, like that of Elena in *On the Eve*, or Natalia in *Rudin*, or Maria Pavlovna in 'Quiet Life.' Hence he preached self-sacrifice, the mastery of egoism, a perpetual self-immolation, and privation. Yet the key to it all lies in an act of personal will.

How are we to explain this contradiction? Turgenev's ideal lay in the impersonal, yet the way toward it lay through an enormous increase in personality. Like Tolstoi in the middle of the last century, he likewise preached a religion of nature and of duty in which the one excludes the other. In his *A Sportsman's Recollections* and in the 'Forest Journey' he depicts human beings who are at one with nature, but in the first, and in *A Nest of Nobles*, he exalts the struggle against her, the conflict with the elemental force of passion. His patriotic feeling, to which he obviously attaches great

significance in his literary work, was such that for forty years he tirelessly preached the religion of duty to the Russian people, and overwhelmed the Russian intellectuals with reproaches and ridicule because he saw them incapable of devoting themselves wholeheartedly to one object, incapable of overcoming their habit of dreaming, their division of soul, and their inconstancy.

And here again Turgenev fell into a contradiction when he held up the young girl as the model for mankind, for in his eyes the young Russian girl was beautiful because she followed directly and unquestioningly after nature and the promptings of the heart. But on the other hand he required of man that he should listen to the voice of reason and duty. Even Turgenev's women characters are not free from inconsistency, and in the end one is left doubtful, which figure is in his opinion in the right — Elena, who burns with joy at the sacrifice of love, or Liza Kalitina, who masters the feelings of her heart. The one is the priestess of nature, the other the priestess of duty. They serve hostile gods, yet they are both holy in Turgenev's eyes.

'Listen to the voice of your heart,' Lavretskii adjures Liza in *A Nest of Nobles*, but the novel as a whole enjoins a directly opposing teaching. Lavretskii comes to grief twice because he follows this voice, and Liza purchases her apotheosis — like Tatiana in Pushkin's *Onyegin* — through the chastening of the heart. Hence we must ask ourselves, if we seek instruction from Turgenev, how we are to understand him. Is it well that man should be led by the elemental forces within him, that he should heed nature without resistance; or shall he, quite the reverse, conquer his passions, hearken reasonably to the voice of duty, and serve it to the uttermost?

Tolstoi knew this problem all too well, for it made many years of his life a torment to him. It is possible that Turgenev never asked himself the question in abstract form, but he found the answer in a picture — the picture of a bird winging its way resistlessly forward, the incarnation of 'glowing, vigorous life, of infallible will, of unshakable confidence,' of all that in his 'Forest Journey' he had recognized in the flight of thirteen cranes. Self-forgetfulness in passion, or self-forgetfulness in duty — one or the other, only so it be self-forgetfulness and completeness, without which the glowing life and the unshakable will are impossible — that was Turgenev's ideal. On one side the whole Impersonal flowing along with nature, like water gurgling through the reeds, like the life of growing things, of insects, or of peasants; and on the other the fire of Satan or Prometheus, Personality in its highest form, where it becomes an element itself. Those were the two poles of his world.

In the narrator's art as Turgenev practised it, there is inexpressible charm. A soothing melody hovers in his speech, and from it emanates a gentle but real magic that no one escapes. It is not all his own. The past has also a part in it. In Turgenev men live again whose feet trod the soft earth where we crush our heels against stone paving. They lived in the country, in quiet provincial cities, in patriarchal Moscow, surrounded by forest, field, and garden, strode without haste on unpaved streets, rested comfortably on divans and easy-chairs. Our life gallops in hard and noisy eagerness, with convulsive haste and crazy noise. The process has already gone far and may go even further, for the fragrance of that life is subdued for us by distance; but in truth the men of that time came to closer grips with



the forms of existence, moved more slowly than we, had warmer and more direct experiences in their lives, even though they were unhappy. There were quiet hours and periods of self-communion, of recollection, intimate talks, and long, long letters. There is never a railway mail coach in our day that carries such letters. We do not sit in long, melancholy brooding upon balconies. Our conclusions are hasty, our conversations bitter and fragmentary. Perhaps we represent things in a rosier light than reality justifies, but every observation has its share of illusion. Turgenev permits portions of that life, and the characters of that time, to pass in troops before us. We are moved and we thank him for that emotion and for the lyric fragrance that it blows to us out of the past.

But to Turgenev's contemporaries who read 'Acia' or 'First Love' in the last number of some monthly, the magic of the past had no appeal. The style and skill of the narrator was all that held their interest. The life of their own time had scarcely any more touch of elegy about it in their eyes than ours has for us. Only now does it seem so, when we see it through the prism of Turgenev's art. Yet Turgenev is no true lyric writer. His purely lyric pieces, like 'Visions' and 'Enough,' are colorless and in some passages dull. The gift of lyric verse was really denied him, but — and this is a rare piece of good fortune — he found his own sphere. The charm of his narrative art is not to be resisted in any degree, and therein lies his strength. Tolstoi also, in 'The Morning of a Country Gentleman' or in 'Albert,' had represented the life of that time, but in his work we do not detect the delicate and gentle breath of olden time, as in the novels of Turgenev.

Tolstoi was by nature a man of action. A passionate struggle raged

within him, and the dramatic movement of his fiction deprives us of the satisfaction of rich color and of clarity — which is what we unknowingly seek for in the past, even in artistic creation. Tolstoi does a practical job. He undermines an old tree, overthrows it, measures it over, cuts it up, and puts together the girders of a new structure. His novels and his stories reëcho as if from the clamor of a restless task. In Turgenev's book we hear nothing but the melodious gurgle of running water. He is not dramatic, takes no active part in life, knows only longing, reproof, and prayer. Everything tempestuous is foreign to him. That is why he finds life so lovely, and adorns it as if it were something outside himself, something objectively beautiful. He is lyric, and by lyric quality I mean neither dynamic vigor nor the complete rest of the spirit, but rather a gentle stir in which there is a yearning for activity.

Turgenev's characters and his pictures of life are never passionately wrought, but move in slow and gentle rhythm. The tone of his stories stirs in us no need for action. His tone is elegiac and calls us to melancholy observation of the life that he depicts. Turgenev is a born lyric story-teller. Landscape and sunlight work together upon our emotions. Their union is what charms us first of all, and for an observer with delicate feeling that landscape has the most agreeable lighting when it is right in his eyes alone. In Turgenev's representations it is the harmony of the individual light that enchants us, the light that emerges from him together with the reality that he depicts.

Thus we have made our way back from the outer world that surrounded him, from the books that he wrote, into the hidden round of his own personality. Every work of art lives only

in the person of its creator, although it may also live outside him. Hence it can be rightly understood only in a living relation to his creative individuality, and cannot be arbitrarily separated from him. Turgenev's writings are steeped through and through with gentle melancholy. We cannot study the question whence his sadness comes, and give an answer to it. Turgenev mourned over himself as he might have been and was not. For him life was a weariness and an affliction and he had lost his feeling for the world of objective reality.

Yet his will and his intellect stubbornly maintained that not everything was weariness and superfluity. If we could ask him whether there is nothing beautiful and worth enjoying under the sun, his answer would be: 'Yes, there is happiness and beauty. They consist in this: to be like Don Quixote, like Insarov and Elena. To struggle for a goal that is known instinctively, like every one of those thirteen cranes. In the regions of this earth all is vain. There is only this: to fly away from it and evermore to fly.'

## THE PRINCE AND THE POET

From the *Times*, July 20

(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

TO-DAY at Max Gate, a roomy, unpretentious house on the outskirts of Dorchester, the Prince of Wales takes tea with Thomas Hardy.

In ancient Ireland, if we may believe the neo-Celts, this would have been a mighty honor — for the Prince. It is not hard to name countries where, till recently, the honor would have been all the poet's. In modern England it is happily both safe and reasonable to say that in this quiet meeting the Prince and the poet will each confer an honor upon the other.

Thomas Hardy has had many an official stamp put upon his greatness, at the head of them that Order of Merit, which is the rarest and the proudest reward of intellectual achievement; but very seldom is it a poet's privilege to entertain familiarly the heir to the throne. On the other hand, we see an aged man of genius, who all his long life has been studious to keep

himself and his private affairs out of the glare of publicity, opening the doors of his home to a young man who, whatever his personal tastes, is prevented by his own arduous calling from being more than a casual student of literature, a young man whose every movement is watched by countless eyes, to be shouted from the housetops by a thousand voices.

When Thomas Hardy was born, in a village near Dorchester, the Prince's great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, had not been quite four years on the throne. Sixty years later the poet, on the night of her death, was to celebrate her in a 'Reverie,' in which, piercing, as his way is, through the obvious, he saw that beyond the purposed life, 'serene, sagacious, free,' which had made her 'the norm of every royal-reckoned attribute,' there might yet be some deed of hers that, lying hid from her own age, would be most

bright in eyes to be. Two decades and more have passed; and the poet, on this side of the Great War, having sung of the men who marched away, of the women who stayed at home, of the great silence that fell with the Armistice, is still an active force, a poet in being, whose new work is read with fully as much admiration by the youngest lovers of poetry as it is by their elders.

There is no equal instance in our literature, nor perhaps in any other, of such long vitality of the poetic fire. Michael Drayton wrote poetry for many years; but at the end he was an imitator, not a model. Could it be said either of Wordsworth or of Victor Hugo that the poetry of their old age was, like Mr. Hardy's, as good as the poetry of their earlier years? When the Prince visits Mr. Hardy to-day he will pay tribute, not only to a great achievement in the past, but to an unexampled persistence of intellectual vigor and of the creative imagination.

The main facts of the life story of the Prince's host are probably well known to most of our readers. His first choice of a profession was architecture, which he studied in Dorchester and later in London, where he won prizes. Years later he designed his own house, Max Gate, but in youth his greatest interest lay in making drawings of the old churches about England in those days when restoration was much in vogue. And during those years, perhaps, while he spent many a long and lonely hour, under all lights and weathers, in empty churches and remote churchyards, he acquired something of that sense of the briefness of life and the mortality of human flesh which pervades his work in poetry and in prose.

But while he was a student and an architect he was working hard, alone or with a friend or two, at the literature, classical and modern, which his school-

ing had denied him. He must, as his works reveal, have studied other things as well: astronomy, music, even theology, among them. And he resolved that, though architecture might be his profession, poetry was his true work. But then, as now, poetry was no profitable field for a young man without means; and no doubt forces that he himself could not recognize were pushing him into the right way.

He began writing fiction—for a livelihood, as he said, but also, as it is easy for others to see now, through artistic impulsion. His very first published book, *Desperate Remedies*, was an experiment in form, and not devoid of the characteristics of his temper and his thought. And then, from *Desperate Remedies* to *Jude the Obscure*, came that long series of novels which, little by little, with many a setback and disappointment, won him at last a position among the very greatest of the English novelists. He kept, with very few exceptions, to his own chosen field: to a district which he called Wessex rather as a generic than a topographical term, though the topography in his novels is exact; and within that district to the people of the farming, shopkeeping, and laboring classes, where he found the emotional and spiritual substance that he needed.

Many a book has been written already about those novels; and many another will be written yet. Here it is only possible to pick from their rich variety of subject and form and tone a few cardinal points, passing over a score of interesting particulars, like the Shakespearean humor of his peasants and their fine Biblical talk, his admiration for the common soldier, his minute observation of bird, flower, tree, and sky, and the mastery of structure and proportion which is plain in all his prose, from his shortest story to his longest novel. The principal question

for all the many readers of Mr. Hardy's novels has always been what the spirit of them is, what view they expound of life.

He himself has always been careful to protest that it is not his business as artist to expound anything. He records, as he has said, compiling material which perhaps future and happier times may explain; and he creates imaginative pictures of life as, at this moment or that, in this set of circumstances or that, he conceives that it must be. Nevertheless, he has a philosophical mind; and it is not his readers' fault if they find that he is always making them think about what he thinks about life. Time was when he was dubbed a pessimist; and attempts have been made to link him somehow on to Darwinism and other intellectual movements of his earlier years. All such attempts must fail, because they do not allow for the originality, the sincerity, the passionate and daring devotion to truth of this lonely and independent mind.

He saw very early that the world was not conducted for the convenience of man, and that man had very little say in its conduct. He could not accept, and would not pretend to accept, the faith that a beneficent power was at work to bring things right for man in the end. And being sensitive, to a rare degree, to the sufferings of all created things, and quick and deep in pity, he was moved at times, as all great minds have been moved, to outcry, to rage, to bitterness. He saw man rich in good-will, in love, in the worth of what the New Testament calls charity, and yet unable to find not merely the satisfaction of his urgent desires, but the expression of his good-will, because of what for the moment might be called the force of mere circumstance.

But he could only be justly called a pessimist if it could be proved that he

had lost his faith in man's good qualities. And that he never has. His novels went on showing the potential nobility of man persisting, as natural beauty persists, through incessant struggle against forces of which he had no knowledge and over which he had no control.

There came a time, after he had moved and interested an ever-increasing public with tales in which his philosophy was nearly all implicit, when his passion for the truth moved him to become a little more explicit. He published *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and a little later *Jude the Obscure*. And in these magnificent works of imagination there were signs of a shifting of the ground. Besides mere circumstance there was another hampering force at work to rob man of happiness: the laws and usages invented by man himself. There was some little outcry against *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, profoundly though that tragic and beautiful story was moving thousands. Against the more complex *Jude the Obscure*, the finest, though not the most beautiful, story that Mr. Hardy ever wrote, there was louder outcry still. The great writer was cut to the quick. He laid down his pen. He would write no more fiction.

And when, a little later, he issued a previously written book, a fantasy called *The Well-Beloved*, people began to talk of failing powers. That was in 1897. Mr. Hardy's work was done. In the following year he put out a volume of lyric poems, mainly earlier work. Nothing more was heard of him for five years. And then — suddenly, to most of us — there came the first part of that colossal achievement, *The Dynasts*. His work was done? If this monstrous undertaking could be carried through with success, it looked as if his work was only just begun. And so it proved.

After a little hesitation, as part after part appeared, critical opinion was proud to recognize that in middle age this astonishing intellect had produced a work of art the like of which had never been seen: a colossal thing, part epic, part drama, vast in scale and packed with detail, sketching in broad strokes the titanic struggle between England and the France of Napoleon I, and painting also the hearts of a sutler, of a Fencible's wife, of a pretty girl at the Waterloo ball in Brussels. And more than that. The thoughts on life and the conduct of the universe, which had been implicit in the novels, were here imaginatively clothed in the forms of 'phantom intelligences,' which should typify, as the gods in the classical Greek drama had typified, the warrings and oppositions which made up the human story. Behind them all lay the great and terrible note of interrogation, the Immanent Will, which hitherto is all unconscious, but which may — who knows? — some day gain consciousness and 'fashion all things fair.' The philosophical value of the conception is not in point. As a poetical symbol of all the vast and passionate life of the human portion of the drama, with its splendor of courage and love, its fierce passions, its rough humor, its agonies of suffering, this imaginative creation is beyond question a work of genius.

The last part of *The Dynasts* was published in 1908. Mr. Hardy was well over sixty years of age. And once more, though not wholly to the surprise of his admirers, he began anew. He has since revealed, volume by volume, the treasures of lyrical poetry which had lain stored in manuscript and in his mind through all the years of labor on the novels, and new stores that were ready for expression now that the time had come. He justified his own early faith in himself as poet; he proved to a

good many students of literature that, though his novels might be among the best in our literature, his poetry was a yet more special contribution to it. It will not be surprising if to future times Mr. Hardy is a poet who wrote great novels, not a novelist who wrote very original and interesting poetry.

Once more we are compelled to pass over many alluring topics: the range of subject, the intimate revelation of a strange mind, the quickness and subtlety of feeling and thought, the moving tenderness and sympathy which make beautiful, as they explain, the prevailing sadness. The capital significance of Mr. Hardy's lyrical poetry to our own age is this: that, becoming public at a period when poetry was, as one might say, in the melting-pot, when old usages and forms and principles were being cast aside and urgent youth was trying to tear beauty with rough strife through iron gates of ugliness, Mr. Hardy's poetry showed that old forms were capable yet of infinite variety and expansion. He has shown that a poet may still say precisely what he thinks and feels, and say it musically and beautifully — has he but the wit, as Mr. Hardy has, to refashion the old into the new and the entirely personal, to make his own music and his own beauty without a single surrender to mere poetical convention. It is not too much to say that he has done for twentieth-century poetry what Wordsworth and Coleridge did for nineteenth-century poetry; and though no one can write as he writes, no one need write as if he had never written.

The Prince of Wales, then, will visit to-day one who is an old man but a still active intellectual force: a man who has moved and delighted millions with his work in prose and poetry and is to-day making the imprint of his genius indelibly on English literature.



## GREEN LIMELIGHT

BY ARCHIBALD HADDON

[Mr. Haddon's ideas of the Shakespearean stage, which appear incidentally in the present article, are not entirely modern. At least a large proportion of modern scholars would hesitate to be as positive as he on the vexed questions of Elizabethan scenery and the use of the signboards.]

From the *Daily Telegraph*, July 26  
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

THE production of John Masefield's ghost play at the St. Martin's Theatre, *Melloney Holtspur*, inaugurates a revolution in the art of stage illusion. The British drama may be eternally going to the dogs. Whether play-writing and acting have improved or deteriorated in our time are questions open to discussion. There can be no doubt, however, that the theatre itself—the brick-and-mortar edifice—is advancing with the times. Behind the scenes, especially, progress has been swift.

The great wizards of stagecraft in living memory have been Henry Irving, David Belasco, and Reinhardt—Irving, in England, on account of his introduction of archaeological accuracy; Belasco, in America, because of his pioneering experiments in every form and byway of stage illusion; Reinhardt, in Germany, for his breakaway from the traditions of stage carpentry. Preferential addition to the list would be the producer of *Melloney Holtspur*, Mr. Basil Dean. It is not for nothing that Sir Alfred Butt is spending £10,000 on the installation of Mr. Dean's new lighting system at the Queen's Theatre, or that the firm of Reandean have devoted months of toil to the evolution of novel lighting principles at the St. Martin's. Similarly, the sweeping reconstruction of switchboards at Drury Lane will have its

effect on the imminent revival of dramatic art in this country.

It is well to remember, in order to realize the enormous progress that has been made behind the scenes of the theatre, that in Shakespeare's day, three hundred years ago, the actors performed on a mere platform strewn with rushes, open to the sky, with no scenery at all. Later the stage was lighted by candles fixed in branches, which obstructed the view. Oil lamps brought by Garrick from France resulted in the introduction of footlights, or 'floats,' but the use of candles was general until well on in the nineteenth century. The Haymarket Theatre continued to be lit with oil lamps until 1852, and electric lighting in theatres only dates from the opening of the present Savoy Theatre.

With regard to scenery, the conditions were chaotic up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. For example, a critic complained in 1760 that 'The sceneshifters often present us with clouds hanging in a ladies' dressing-room, trees intermingled with the dismantled portions of a portico, and a vaulted roof unsupported. It is simply ridiculous to see the actors making their entrances through plastered walls and wainscots instead of doors.' Scenic art had, therefore, made precious little progress since the theatre of Shake-

speare, in which a protruded board indicated that the empty stage was to be considered as a city, a house, or a forest.

As to costumes, even the eighteenth-century actors dressed their characters anyhow. Garrick played Macbeth in a scarlet coat, a silver-laced waistcoat, and a wig and breeches. Mrs. Pritchard acted Lady Macbeth in a Court skirt and powdered hair surmounted by feathers. The father of the nineteenth-century actress, Miss O'Neill, petulantly exclaimed to an actor who could not find in the wardrobe a suit of armor for the Ghost in *Hamlet*, 'Oh, bother! If you put on an overcoat you 'll do just as well!'

It is a far cry indeed from the ghost of Hamlet's father in an overcoat to the ghosts in *Melloney Holtspur* under the ultra-modern conditions of stage presentment. Gone are the shafts of green limelight traditional to enactments of the supernatural. There are no hissing limes in the wings, or spluttering 'floats,' or fluttering transparencies. The ghosts' faces are appropriately unearthly, but the effect is not obtained by palpable illuminants, destructive of illusion. Gone are the numerous other accessories inimical to illusion, such as clicking lanterns and fizzling carbon lamps. The ghosts in *Melloney Holtspur* appear to have radiances of their own, generated in the ether of their own individualities, not the radiances emanating from disconcerting exterior projections.

Nowadays, generally speaking, we do not believe in ghosts. It is necessary, therefore, to invent new methods of ghost-presentment on the stage to carry the smallest degree of conviction; hence the resort to spiritualism by dramatists who invoke the beings of another world. The greatest contemporary ghost plays are probably Barrie's *Mary Rose* and *A Well-Re-*

*membered Voice*. Mary Rose wears no spectral garments, and the limelight man does not chase her about the stage with a green spotlight. The *Well-Remembered Voice*, so far from affecting sepulchral tones, speaks from the Great Beyond as naturally as ourselves at the dinner-table, colloquially, even to the extent of making an inquiry about the bathroom taps.

The adoption of such means of imparting conviction would have failed ignominiously to impress William Shakespeare or the later eighteenth-century actors. Shakespeare and his actors and auditors did believe in ghosts of the conventional description. Because of that belief, Shakespeare introduced fourteen visitants from another world in his plays, made fifty separate references to ghosts in his dialogues, and wrote the world's greatest ghost plays, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Richard the Third*.

Other times, other ghosts. Newer methods are needed to impress the playgoers of to-day, who are not so credulous as our forefathers. In *Macbeth*, modern leading actors have shown a disposition either to leave the ghost of Banquo to the spectator's imagination, as in the case of the air-drawn dagger visualized by Macbeth, or, as in Mr. James Hackett's recent revival of the tragedy, to effect a compromise by suggesting the presence of the ghost in the shape of a quivering green light thrown on the back of a chair. Such means have not proved satisfactory, and ghosts in corporeal form will continue to be shown on the stage. There will be ghosts in the forthcoming production of *Hassan* at His Majesty's, and Mr. Basil Dean, with all his aptitude for illusion, may have his work cut out to give verisimilitude to the author's stage direction:—

*The wind sweeps the ghosts out of the garden.*

## A PAGE OF VERSE

### TO A BOWLER HAT

BY J. B. MORTON

*[The derby hat — or 'bowler,' as the English term it — has been scorned ere now as the headgear of Babbittism, but it remains for an English poet to express his scorn in verse.]*

[Outlook]

O HUMDRUM HAT! Fit crown of timid things,  
Walled from the world of Men, adventureless,  
No gust of glory shakes you, no wild wings  
Of madness stir your master's dreariness.  
You 're on the dismal, safe side of that gate  
Beyond whose bars the tumult of high dreams  
Might lead your lord to face a larger fate,  
And purge his heart of nasty little schemes.  
Should tall Ogier once more, damned dark-o'-face,  
Find the lost Fountain of Perpetual Youth,  
You would sit perched inanely in some place  
Where novelists probe drawing-rooms for Truth.  
Yet women worship you upon their knees,  
Symbol of comfort, safety, shameless ease.

### THE CAPTIVE BIRD

BY L. M. P.

[New Leader]

HALF awake he dreamed of dewy woods,  
And leafy solitudes;  
And far beyond the imprisoning bars  
The pitying stars  
Drifted their dreaming light across his eyes.

High on a soot-grimed London wall is hung  
The small confined tomb of one who grieves  
For the compassionate loveliness of leaves,  
Whose last, whose loveliest madrigal is sung.

O birds of all the world, put by your song,  
Refuse to man the beauty of your ways,  
Strip from his days  
Your sweet companionship, that he shall find  
No flash of wings, no voices on the wind.

If man is dumb, if man is blind to see  
One tiny creature's agony,  
A birdless land  
Will make him understand.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### SCHOPENHAUER AS A SCHOOLBOY TRAVELER

YEARS after he wrote them, the diaries of Arthur Schopenhauer during his travels through Europe in his fifteenth year have come to light. The future philosopher had at that time just awakened to the desire for study, while his father, a prosperous Hansa merchant, like many another business man, was insistent that his son should follow him in the countingroom. The father, however, made no effort to force his son's decision, but gave him the choice between taking a two years' European tour with his parents, or staying in Hamburg to study.

Young Arthur, unable to resist the lure of travel, decided in favor of the tour, and, while it was in progress he kept his diary with scientific regularity. It was his second diary of the sort, for three years earlier he had been taken traveling and then, too, had kept a diary.

Schopenhauer at fifteen was no infant prodigy. Both his diaries are much the kind of thing any bright boy at his age would be likely to write. There is nothing brilliant about them, though they are extremely correct, and sometimes, as Herr Bernhard Alexander observes in *Pester Lloyd*, in pages here and there one can discern afar off anticipations of the work of 'the greatest German philosophic writer, and perhaps stylistically the greatest in all literature.' But these traces are very slight. As Herr Alexander himself admits, 'of philosophy, and even of pessimism there is in the whole book, *Gott sei dank*, no trace.' The nearest approach to pessimism is the young traveler's observation in the market place at Lyon, that 'the people seem to

have forgotten how much blood had flowed there only ten years before.' But this, after all, is a very natural reflection, which might occur to anybody, although Wilhelm Gwinner, in his *Life of Schopenhauer*, attaches great importance to it. Young Arthur observes that Switzerland would be a very beautiful country without the Swiss.

The diary as a whole shows us an eager youngster, keen to learn and to observe. It seems to be a kind of aid to memory. He visits all the museums and collections that fall in his way, and keeps a careful catalogue of minerals, dried plants, stuffed animals, pictures, and statues that he has seen.



### A NEW PLAY BY SEM BENELLI

THE presentation of *La Santa Primavera*, a new play by Sem Benelli, who is best known in America by *The Jest*, which was a New York success, is discussed at length in both *Corriere della Sera* of Milan and *La Stampa* of Turin. The critic of the *Corriere* writes:—

'It is an allegorical play. It reminds one of the old moralities, and also, in some respects, of the gorgeous plays that used to be staged in celebration of august birthdays and marriages in Italy in the latter part of the seventeenth and in the first part of the eighteenth century. However, this is only said out of a certain love of research, and not to draw even a distant parallel.'

The *Sagra* (mystery)—for so the play is classified—has for a background natural verdure, open skies, a group of trees. A clarinet sounds in the distance, a light similar to that of the dawn invades the stage, and a Man in azure garments appears. Alone

he takes the part of the ancient Greek chorus, narrating, describing, then disappearing to yield the stage for the presentation of an episode, and re-appearing again. His interventions are always sung, not spoken. A chain of captivating allegories represents Italy's past beginning from the earliest barbaric times, through the glory of antique Rome, through the first days of Christianity and the early and later history of Italy proper. The play closes in a festive, triumphant, and religious chorus.

'The first scene, which is an invocation of Botticelli's Spring, represents a popular festivity of the pagan pre-Roman times. A chosen youth of the tribe is going to be sacrificed to the Spring god. His father, the high priest, makes a short speech to his people, in a voice broken with emotion, while Eletto, the victim, stands at the sacrificial altar, holding his arms about a maiden of exquisite beauty — a mute part, symbolizing the inexpressible best and finest that is in the Italian racial soul. For the first time in the history of the tribe, the love of life is victorious over the love of blood. The priest who was going to shed the blood of his own child hears within himself the voice of the god, who warns him that no good can come of evil. He is destined to lose his son — but not by sacrificing him. He will send him through the world announcing the new truth to all peoples.

'This is the only complete scene in the play. The rest consists of a brief portrayal of events. None the less, it is the latter part of the play that the critics consider the best, freshest, and most adorned with poetic fancy.'



#### THE BISHOP AND THE BOY

THE Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould, well known as the author of 'Onward

Christian Soldiers,' and almost equally well known for his scholarly labors and for his numerous popular novels, has recently published a book which he calls *Early Reminiscences*. As might be expected, this chronicle of a life that has been full to the brim of the intellectual interests of the stormy mid-Victorian days is not without some amusing anecdotes. One of the best of these concerns Bishop Wilberforce, the redoubtable opponent of Darwin in the early days of the theory of natural selection.

Bishop Wilberforce had caught a naughty boy in the very act of hurling an irreverent stone at his episcopal self. The Bishop held the boy at arm's length and this dialogue followed: —

'I did n't do it,' said the boy, sulkily.

'Not do it? I know that you did.'

'You did n't see me fling the stone.'

'No, I did not; but God saw you.'

'Hah! Does God see everything that we do?'

'Yes, everything,' said the Bishop, solemnly.

'Did He see what I was about last Saturday afternoon in mother's backyard?'

'Certainly He did.'

'Get along, you bloke,' exclaimed the urchin, poking the Bishop in the ribs, 'mother ain't got no backyard.'

Here, too, is a striking testimony of the astounding popularity of Charles Dickens in his own day: —

One drawback to going abroad had been the publication in numbers of *Nicholas Nickleby*, that was begun in 1839, and, odd though it may seem, I think that really one reason for inducing my father to spend the winter at Cologne was that he might be more certain to obtain the issues of that story as they came out.



#### AN ARCHIVE OF VOICES

THE *Corriere della Sera* describes a collection of phonograph discs dis-



covered in the Hapsburg archives at Vienna. Without leaving the city it is possible to hear the genuine dialects of all parts of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, Germany, and Switzerland. More than that, Abyssinian voices will recite psalms in Ethiopic, and Arabs, Fellaheen, Zulus, and Hottentots will converse in their respective languages. The writer of the report was interested to know just how the Hottentots click their tongues in their speech, and he discovered that these brave Africans produce most of their sounds by inhaling instead of by exhaling, like horses and most birds.

Asia has furnished a number of discs — Sanskrit, Japanese, Chinese dialects and those of Caucasia. From the American continent came voices of the Eskimos and the South American Indians. The Guarani and Guarajati Indians of South America are heard speaking, as well as the native Australian races. A Papuan shouts to the world the number of enemies he has killed and another recites a long prayer to control the winds.

The collection also contains musical records on the most ancient instruments of various countries, including the cornemuse of Brittany and the bagpipe still dear to the Scottish heart. There is the Irish harp, the shepherd flute of Yugoslavia, and the Papuan tambourine. There are native songs by the Eskimos and Zulu folk songs, in which the influence of European missionaries can already be traced.

This collection is housed in one of the vast subterranean chambers of the ancient Hofburg of Vienna, once the Imperial residence. There are three subterranean floors, and tradition maintains that formerly it was possible to walk from the Hofburg to Klosterneuburg, to Schönbrunn, and to Laxenburg without even once emerging to the surface. But these communications are

secret at present, and the three subterranean floors under the Hofburg are filled with vast collections of valuable books, cellars full of priceless wines, and other Hapsburg riches.



#### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BREECHES

IN the third volume of his *Diary of a Journalist*, Sir Henry Lucy adds a new story, not found in any of the biographies, to the numerous anecdotes that deal with the Duke of Wellington and Waterloo: —

Many years ago there was published a work that had some vogue, called *The Lady's Companion to Her Flower Garden*. The authoress, Mrs. Loudon, was an accomplished lady who wrote, not only on floriculture, but on arboriculture and landscape gardening, illustrating what she wrote. In one of her works she desired to insert a sketch of the 'Waterloo Beeches' at Strathfieldsaye — a picturesque clump planted to commemorate our deliverance from the Corsican tyrant. Accordingly, she wrote to the Duke of Wellington requesting leave to sketch the beeches, signing herself 'J. Loudon.' The Duke, who, in spite of extreme age and eyesight not quite so clear as it had once been, insisted on doing all his own correspondence, replied as follows: —

'F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London. The Bishop is quite at liberty to make a sketch of the breeches which the Duke wore at Waterloo, if they can be found. But the Duke is not aware that they differed in any way from the breeches he generally wears.'



#### A NEW BYRON LETTER

A LETTER by Lord Byron which, it is said, has never before been published, was discovered during the recent visit of the Queen of Rumania and her daughter, the Queen of Yugoslavia, to the Adriatic coast. One of their ladies-in-waiting was entertained at the home of a nobleman in Ragusa, where a

remarkable collection of various relics had been gathered. Among his old family letters and documents the lady discovered a letter written by Lord Byron to the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*.

The letter reads as follows:—

SIR,—

In various numbers of your journal I have seen mentioned a work entitled *The Vampire*, with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal announcement of *The Vampire*, with the addition of an account of my residence in the island of Mitylene, an island which I have occasionally sailed by in the course of traveling some years ago through the Levant—and where I should have no objection to reside—but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these exploits can be attributed to me, and I suppose that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favor me by contradicting the advertisement to which I object. If the book is clever it would be base to deprive the real writer—whoever he may be—of his honors, and, if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody's dullness but my own.

You will excuse the trouble I give you. The imputation is of no great importance, and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports, I should have received it, as I have received many others, in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a residence where I never resided, is a little too much, particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one, nor of the incidents of the other.

I have, besides, a personal dislike to Vampires, and the little acquaintance I have with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets.

You did me much less injury by your paragraphs about 'my devotion and abandonment of Society for the balm of religion,' which appeared in your *Messenger* during last Lent, all of which are not founded on fact, but you see that I do not contradict them, because they are merely

personal, whereas the others in some degree concern the reader. You will oblige me by complying with my request of contradiction. I affirm that I know nothing of the work or works in question, and have the honor to be (as the correspondents to magazines say) your constant reader and

Very obedient humble servant,

BYRON.

To the Editor of *Galignani's Messenger*,  
Venice. April 27, 1819.

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'AS SHE IS WROTE'

THE *Manchester Guardian* reprints a circular letter received in England from a German firm in Düsseldorf. The advertiser has written in what somebody in Germany obviously thought was English:—

Very important! Concerning your export!

Beeing exporter we herewith bend your attention on our lifting-appliances, type 'GeHaco.'

On the enclosed pamphlet you find registered in five languages those lifting appliances, in which delivery we are specialists.

Having a fabrication improved precise and through the effort to make permanently corrections, interesting our custom; our lifting-appliances guarantee for a product of quality, newest construction and a praise worthy purchase.

Ask please for our newest general catalog and send us your special-demands. We are convinced, that you came down by us by requierment in lifting-appliances, giving us a prooforder your shall be remain our duration buyer.

We dont omit, to say you, that we bring a new patent on the market in any weeks our

hydraulic autojack, type 'GeHaco' which place in the shadow all the other things through his performances comforts, safety activity and handy construction. Prospects for this you shall become in a short time.

Dont put this letter at the side but note it in your register of purchase.

Most respectfuley

## BOOKS ABROAD

The London of Thackeray, by E. Beresford Chancellor. London: Grant Richards, 1923.  
*Queer Things about London*, by Charles G. Harper. London: Palmer, 1923. 7s. 6d.  
 London and Westminster, by W. Marston Acres. London: Unwin, 1923. 6s.

[Saturday Review]

LONDON has ceased to be merely the city of 'our delight' as Richard Le Gallienne found her in the lyrical nineties, the

Great city of the midnight sun  
 Whose day begins when day is done.

She has become instead the city of the midnight lamp. She has entered upon her Alexandrian age of documentation and, being too old for natural gayety, they propose to 'brighten' her by thyroid injection. The time has now gone forever when a single author could comprehend all her mysteries, from her slums to the most exclusive of her clubs. Contemporary London can only be treated sectionally by separate hands, as the Cambridge authorities treat English literature and history. No Thackeray or Dickens will ever rise again to touch her at all points and enter all her moods. Our Mr. Thomas Burkes and Mr. Swinnertons are but tourists compared with them. Yet how would even Dickens or Thackeray have fared in a city more populous than many countries which have impressed themselves indelibly on the course of history?

It is good to receive an authoritative account of the London of these men before it is quite obliterated. Mr. Beresford Chancellor has done his work tastefully and with such genial scholarship as recalls Mr. G. S. Street's *Ghosts of Piccadilly*, than which there can be no higher compliment in this class of writing. His *Memorials of St. James's Street* had already proved his qualifications for the task of elaborating Thackeray's two Londons — the London which extends from the time of Anne to the close of George III's reign and the London which extends from the Regency to the mid-nineteenth century. If choice is not invidious, the first was to Thackeray the more compelling interest. It is known that he once meditated a history of the reign of Anne, to which all his other historical writing was to be a mere *esquisse*, which was intended by him to be his greatest work.

At a time when Bloomsbury, after its period of nineteenth-century eclipse, is now emerging once more into the light of fashion — so far, at least, as certain eminent households can induce the phenomenon — Mr. Chancellor interestingly

recalls to us its earlier glories. 'Do you know Bloomsbury Square?' Mrs. Dick Steele once asked Mr. St. John. 'Do I know the Mall?' replied that gentleman. 'Do I know the reigning toast? Why, Bloomsbury is the very height of the mode!' This was the period when Dick Steele had set up a coach and a fine house in that neighborhood, and Mr. Chancellor is not slow to point out that in *Esmond* Thackeray antedates Steele's marriage with 'that prettiest woman' by at least eight years. Which would seem to prove that *Esmond*, far from being too *documenté*, as certain critics have objected, is not *documenté* enough from a strictly scientific point of view; though if any reader of *Esmond* can be found to object to that fact, we would not like to meet him.

It will not be forgotten how very much more limited at this time the whole canvas was. It was possible to reach the country from any point of London in a quarter of an hour, and the author has chosen an excellent series of lithographs and prints to illustrate this more restricted city. We must also extend a word of gratitude to Mr. Chancellor for bringing into our minds, during the course of his researches, some of the least known and most entertaining of Thackeray's writings. How many admirers of Thackeray, even among the most ardent, are acquainted with that delightful little story, 'Cox's Diary'? This volume, in fact, is all that such a volume should be. If we grant the existence of such hapless creatures as are wholly unfamiliar with Thackeray, even they could derive any amount of entertainment from its quotations and could learn more from it of the world's greatest city than their ignorance of Thackeray entitles them to.

Much nearer to our idea of the fireside volume is Mr. Charles Harper's *Queer Things about London*. The things which most attract his restless eye are those most blandly overlooked by the ordinary Londoner. He has fascinating chapters on 'Old London Lamp Posts' and 'London City Vanes,' and brings a number of curious museums into our ken. Not least interesting of them is the museum of the Mendicity Society, founded after the Napoleonic wars to deliver the charitable from the impositions of alleged 'heroes,' and still obscurely but usefully exercising its functions. It is such information as that the 'great Duke of Wellington' was none other than the victor of Napoleon in a battle by name 'Waterloo,' which makes us occasionally wish that Mr. Harper had accredited a little more erudition to his readers. We had, to be candid, heard of the great Duke of Wellington.

There is no pretense at literary quality in Mr. Marston Acre's *London and Westminster*. It is no more than an encyclopædia of the streets and buildings of London, from the point of view of their historical, architectural, and antiquarian interest. Considerable research has gone into the making of this volume, but a little less ruthless tabulation and a little more amiable discursiveness might have produced a book of more than reference value.

*The Southlands of Siva*, by A. Butterworth.  
London: John Lane, 1923. 10s. 6d.

[*Outlook*]

THIS book contains a first-rate collection of anecdotes from India, written by a civilian who was for many years a Collector in South India and afterward in Burma. It hardly pretends to contain anything else, for Mr. Butterworth wisely avoids politics and confines himself almost entirely to stories of sport and of the social life of the people he worked among. He does not pretend to 'write,' but — which is, perhaps, better — he has a keen sense of humor and an unflinching memory for a good yarn. For instance, he tells you how to catch cobras: —

'I had under me at one time a European sergeant who was an adept at catching cobras. According to this authority, if you take hold of the tail and press it to the ground while pinching hard, the snake cannot reach back far enough to injure, and you can then dislocate its vertebrae by suddenly swinging it up and backward. Or you can lay a stick on the neck and gently press the head to the ground, when the reptile will lie still; then you catch hold of the neck, just behind the head, quickly and firmly between thumb and forefinger.'

How you are to *begin* these operations without getting bitten is not clear. It sounds rather like the traditional method of catching birds by putting salt on their tails. As Mr. Butterworth remarks, 'most people content themselves with a less artistic application of the stick.'

That last one is as hard to swallow as the pellets. In all these stories — and there are hundreds of them in the book — there is the same pleasant economy of words and the same dry wit. If all the Indian civilians one meets at English seaside resorts were as amusing companions as Mr. Butterworth, one of the chief terrors of the holiday season would disappear.

But though Mr. Butterworth is so careful not

to be solemn, his book is not without value for the serious-minded. In the first place, he is evidently a keen naturalist, and his observations upon the habits of animals are of real interest, even when he appears to be joking. In the second place, he writes mainly about a part of India of which not nearly enough is known to English readers. Travancore and the Nilgiris are mere names to most of us — even to those who have visited India. But their musical names are not their only beauty: their scenery is magnificent, and should be seen by every visitor to India. It is true that their politics are dull; periodical Moplah risings are the only excitement of the kind that they can offer; but that, one would have supposed, would make them all the more popular with peaceful tourists. Mr. Butterworth, for his part, prefers South India to Burma, and he was frankly disappointed with Ceylon.

*Shakespeare and the Universities*, by Frederick S. Boas. Oxford: Bernard Blackwell, 1923. 12s. 6d.

[*English Review*]

THIS is a scholar's book written by an authority with whose research one dare not quarrel. It has little to do with its title, being in fact a series of essays upon Elizabethan dramatic and theatrical matters; adding, as may be supposed, further facts to our store of erudition, building upon them certain interesting theories, and collating and correlating information. Dr. Boas is too careful a scholar to thrill us with new or wild theories. It is literature and dramatic-literary history under the microscope; erudition for erudition's sake. One theory fascinated me: that Shakespeare's first acquaintance with Oxford University was the receipt by his company of twenty shillings to go away without further troubling the University. That is almost too good to be true, and too human to be recorded. Actually Dr. Boas's book is as human and interesting as this type of work can be, but as a type *redolet lucerné*.



BOOKS MENTIONED

*Ceux qui nous mènent*. By \*\*\*. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1923.

*Reisetagebücher Schopenhauers aus den Jahren 1803-1804*. Herausgegeben von Charlotte von Gwinner. Berlin: Brockhaus, 1923.